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# THE LEHIGH REVIEW

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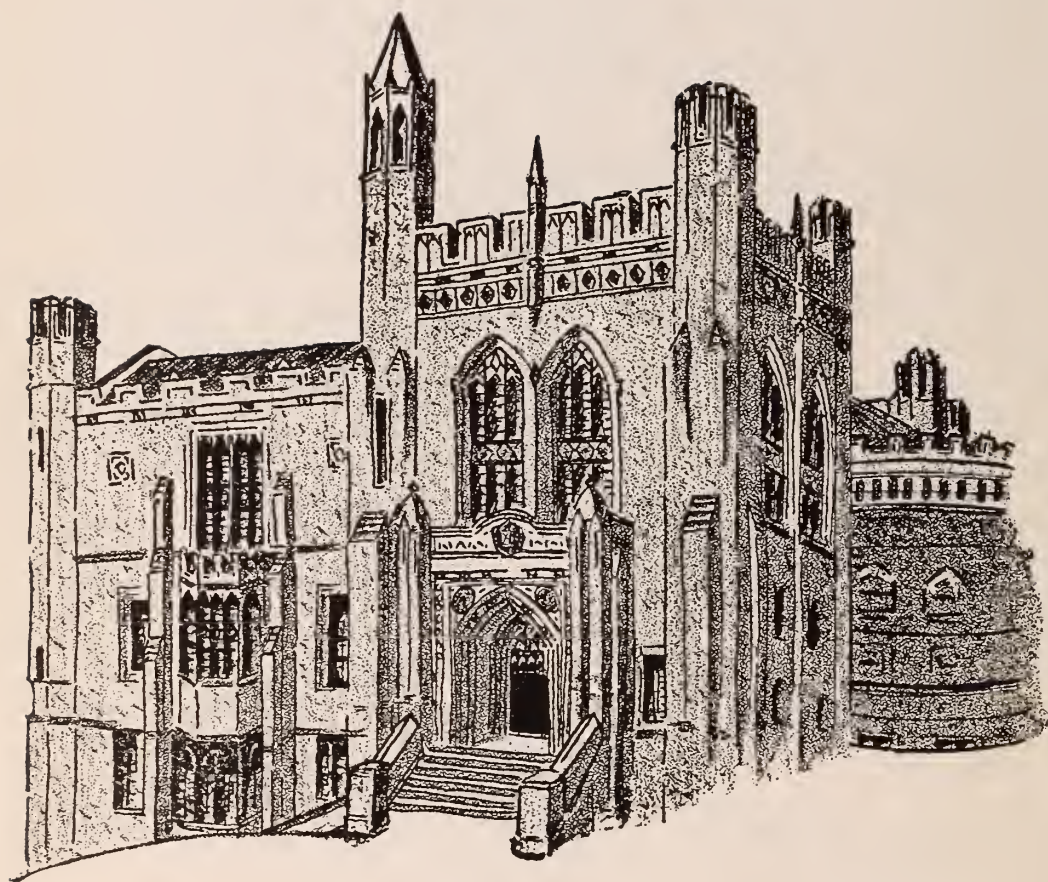
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# THE NEW LEHIGH LIBRARY

By ERWIN F. UNDERWOOD

Me, poor man, my library was dukedom large enough.—*Shakespeare.*

**S**URROUNDED by all the natural beauty of the campus and standing out in all the rugged grandeur of its collegiate Gothic architecture is Lehigh's new library. On April twenty-fifth it was dedicated with impressive ceremonies and relegated to the use of the student body. Harmonizing as it does with all the modern buildings on the campus it represents the latest step in the president's plan for a greater Lehigh.

The old library was built fifty-two years ago as a memorial to Lucy Packer Linderman, the daughter of Lehigh's founder. The number of books was augmented and the student body increased, resulting at first in a well-developed system which now, after half a century of faithful service, has become inadequate. When thousands of volumes were added to the initial stock and the need for more room and better equipment was felt, Lehigh men met the challenge and construction was started.

The new building has five times the capacity of the old structure and for sheer architectural beauty may be compared to the best in the country. Built as it is on the site of the former library, it forms the eastern end of the flag-pole section of the campus which is now bounded on all four sides by the Packard Laboratory and the Chapel, the Library, Packer Hall, and the Administration Building. As one gazes up at the building he is struck by the magnificence of the architecture, the tall narrow leaded windows, the towers, the gargoyles, the turrets, all of which give the building the suggestion of a castle. The north side presents a straight massive view as one comes up the hill, and the picturesque attitude is heightened by the large area of small pane windows, the bay win-

dows, and the half-round "prison chamber" cubicles with their narrow tower slits. In the rear of the building the steps lead up to a raised platform and parapet to the east entrance. On the south side a clever piece of architectural work has incorporated the old library with the new, thus keeping the traditions and memories of the old Linderman memorial while at the same time providing a well-equipped, modern, and adequate structure to meet the augmented needs of a larger university. The entire building even as the Alumni Memorial and the Packard Laboratory has been composed of quartzite stone with the original facing left on to keep some of the natural color and insure it against turning black with age. The trimmings are of Indiana limestone.

And now for a trip through the new home for books. As we walk through the main entrance we immediately sense the vastness of the place in contrast to the old library. A spacious lobby leads to the loan desk on the right with doors leading through to the former building which is being completely renovated. On the left side of the lobby is the masterpiece of the whole library, the reading-room, which has been made into a glorious and inspiring work of art. Throughout its one hundred and fifty-two feet of length and its forty-eight feet of width it is finished in panelled natural oak with carvings and linen traceries of a most intricate workmanship. Low four-shelf bookcases for encyclopaedias and reference books surround the room on all four sides, while from the tops of the cases busts of Homer, Aristotle, Shakespeare and other immortals gaze down to impress the incoming freshmen. Hand-made wrought-iron lights with antique cathedral glass, Gothic



oak tables, specially designed Windsor chairs, two triple arches, rubber tile floors, leaded glass windows with stained medallions representing all branches of learning, a highly-ornamented ceiling, all this makes the room most efficacious, while the fireplace is a work of art in itself. The lower part is of cast stone above which there is an oaken mantel and a large plaque which bears a beautiful hand-carved Lehigh seal. On either side a four-branch wrought-iron candelabra lights up the raised L and P that commemorates the conjoining of the Lehigh and Packer libraries. The seating capacity of the whole room is over three hundred.

Just below the main reading-room is the browsing-room, our idea of just the spot to spend the remainder of our college days. It is nothing less than an inspiring, exquisitely furnished club-room complete in all details—easy chairs, settees, nicely designed floor lamps, ash-trays, large and small walnut tables,—now imagine that the two thousand best novels are already placed in the low bookcases of the room and—well, there's the home of a liberal education, for as Wordsworth says:

Books are yours, within whose silent chambers treasure lies preserved from age to age. . . . .

The zenith floor, the oak-beamed ceiling, and the hanging iron-art lamps are but fitting components to finish this rendezvous in the best style.

The art gallery on the third floor will be the future home of the loan art exhibitions which during the past five years have become quite popular at Lehigh. The art-room has no chandelier lights but is illuminated admirably by great expanses of leaded window, and a double skylight of artistic design. The skylight houses concealed inside lights, and wall reflectors

are used to illuminate the pictures. The oak-beamed ceiling and the terrazo floors go well with the fire-place on the east side with its oak trimmings and Lehigh initialed shield.

The treasure-room may be considered as an art-room in another sense, for in it we find rare books of many types, ancient manuscripts, and other literary works of great value such as copies of the early folios of Shakespeare, antique embossings, and profusely illustrated travel books. Wall bookcases surround the room except for the four window seats and the great Gothic windows. Lights lined with antique cathedral glass shine down upon the eight display cases. In one corner the vault with its combination strong door completes a new treasure room of which we may well be proud.

The rest of the library combines the utilitarian elements of modern equipment with artistic beauty. The work-rooms are spacious and adequate, consisting of a large room for the Accessions Department, an unpacking-room, two cataloguing-rooms, the librarian's offices, and a combination rest compartment and kitchen. There are eleven seminar-rooms in various parts of the building. Most of the library is heated by invisible wall radiators. Four floors of new stacks in addition to those in the old library will provide space for more than half a million volumes. The game at present is to wander through the labyrinth, get lost somewhere, then try to find the right book before midnight. Oh yes, when you look the building over, don't miss the little cubicles, just large enough for one chair, one student, and a ham sandwich—the bookworm's Paradise. If, as someone has said, a good library is the heart of a university, then truly Lehigh can at last boast of a beautiful and noble heart.

# THE REBEL YEATS

By GEORGE HAYES

"The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;  
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll. . . ."

*William Butler Yeats*

THERE are few lines by any poet which express more concretely the motivation of the writer in all his work than do the two above. Mr. Yeats began as a rebel against the world as it exists, and he continues a rebel, albeit the intensity of the earlier fire has diminished, and he has come to some extent to realize the futility of striving for the moon. The world, however, is full of literary rebels, and a previous attitude of toleration towards them has, in proportion to the increase in their numbers, changed to one of conscious distaste. The advent of our present chorus of protestants against a so-called machine age has succeeded in doing little except to make the term as peculiarly distasteful as one of its predecessors, "efficiency expert".

The probability of the assumption that this hostile attitude towards our dragon-killers springs largely from a desire to evade the truth can be admitted, but the validity of its existence, among at least a large class of people, can scarcely be denied. Mr. E. M. Forster, writing of the reactions of various poets to the late war, expressed a similar thought when he said, "For what, in that world of gigantic horror, was tolerable except the slighter gestures of dissent? He who measured himself against the war, who drew himself up to his full height, as it were, and said to armadillo-armageddon 'Avaunt', collapsed at once into a pinch of dust."

And here we find the source of much of the personal appeal of Mr. Yeats. For he has the subtlety and the grace to refrain, as other rebels have not, from loud and bitter complaints, and from crudity in presenting his Utopia to our attention.

The complaints are there, it is true, but he has presented them with such wistfulness and charm, and clothed them in language of such singular beauty and effectiveness, that they have an insinuating allure not to be denied. Instead of banging away upon the door, he knocks softly, and infinitely more effectively. That Mr. Yeats is a genius is not to be questioned, but I think his genius would be much more neglected were it not for this other quality, the "witty resentment followed by the pinch of glory."

This rebellion of Mr. Yeats's is a double one; against a world that is full of old age and pain and sorrow on the one hand, and on the other against the accepted manners of expressing his prior rebellion. He desires a spiritual and intellectual renaissance for Irish art, and feels that it can best come by the creation of a new art and a new language in which to express it. "Without fine words," he says, "there is no literature." The language of the layman was obviously impossible for his purpose, and in the vocabulary of poetry he found little of what he wanted, since it had so strained a relationship to life. His problem was to create a new means of expression for a new art, and he solved it by combining the uncorrupted speech of the Irish countryside with the symbolism he had gleaned from the ancient Irish mythology. The two had for him the prime advantage of a close relationship; no grafting operation was necessary.

His conversion to the symbolism he had re-discovered was immediate and complete; he never changed to another means of expression, even carrying it over

into the drama when he began in later years to tinker with the Irish theatre. His dramatic ideals were much the same as those of his poetry; in writing of his aims he said, "Above all, it will be a theatre of speech; the speech of the country-side; the eloquence of poets, of rhythm, of style, of proud, living, unwasted words."

The verses of a man whose feelings were such as these could scarcely be anything but lyrical and emotional. "Before men read," he wrote, "the ear and the tongue were subtle, and delighted one another with the little tunes that were in words." This is the feeling that he has striven to re-create; the perception of a beauty so poignant and delicate that the emotions and the imagination possesses the senses entirely. In his earlier work this emotionalism takes hold of Mr. Yeats so completely as to give his verse no feeling of reality whatsoever; he lives and writes in the land of the faeries and the ancient heroes. His successful rebellion against accepted poetical language has led him directly to his second rebellion; he has found a more satisfactory world than this. His delight in what he now calls

"the land of faery,  
where nobody gets old and godly and  
grave, where nobody gets old and  
crafty and wise, where nobody gets  
old and bitter of tongue. . . ."

has been with him always perhaps, as a vague and inexpressible longing, but his delving into the ancient Irish folklore has given concreteness to his dreams. More, the re-creation of the fast-dying country legends fits in perfectly with his other desire for a renaissance in the Irish arts, for how better could he help this renaissance than to bring forth a new phoenix in more beautiful feathers? Idealizing the past serves both as a means of satisfaction for his own personal longings, and as the best possible method of renewing a fading nationalism in art.

His idealization of the past and the country of the faeries as a mental antidote for a world that has outgrown what former glory it possessed lessens in intensity as the years advance upon him. He is still a rebel, but the faeries continue to dance just out of reach, and the consciousness that they will never come closer grows with him. His quasi-ballad manner changes; without losing his imaginative qualities, his ambition becomes:

"To write for my own race,  
And for the reality."

Most of what was vague and illusory in his early poetry disappears, and a less irresponsible poet emerges; he is closer to the earth now, and hence closer to life. The faeries have danced out of his vision, and he fastens his gaze on nearer things. Prose writing begins to absorb more of his time; the necessity of self-explanation in particular draws him further into it. But in all of Mr. Yeats's work, whether prose, drama, or poetry, the emotional lyricism of his poems predominates.

In "The Song of the Happy Shepherd," one of the earliest of the poems, written before life had forced some measure of reality upon him, Yeats laments the passing of the race of dreamers thus:

"The woods of Arcady are dead,  
And over is their antique joy;  
Of old the world on dreaming fed;  
Gray Truth is now her painted toy;  
. . . . . there is no truth,  
Saving in thine own heart."

That even early in his career he realized to some extent the futility of rebellion is seen in the companion verses to the one above, "The Sad Shepherd," an autobiographical poem in which he describes himself as "the man whom Sorrow named his friend." In it he unsuccessfully cries out to the stars and the sea and the dew-drops to "hear my most piteous story," but they will not listen. Finally he tells



it to a conch shell he finds by the sea, which only turns his song to an inarticulate moan.

Of the early poems, the long narrative tale of "The Wanderings of Oisín," shows most clearly the lyrical emotionalism he obtains through the use of symbolism and imparting a feeling of otherworldliness. Oisín, the last of a race of Irish heroes, is wandering with his companions when he is met by Niamh, a faery princess,

"on the dove-gray edge of the sea  
A pearl-pale, high-born lady who rode  
On a horse with a bridle of findrinny."

He rides away with her over the sea to the Isles of Dancing, of Victories, and of Forgetfulness, in each of which they spend a hundred years; years that seem to Oisín to be as many days. But not even the beauty of Niamh and the pleasures of a land where

"the days pass by like a wayward tune,  
And broken faith has never been known,  
And the blushes of first love never have  
flown. . . . ."

can bind him forever to a forgetfulness of his former companions. He takes the magic horse from Niamh to return for a short while, and receives from her the warning that should be but touch the ground of Ireland he could never return. He goes back, but the old pagan friends have disappeared, and in their place has sprung a race of godly weaklings. He starts to return to Niamh, but meeting near the shore of the sea some men whose strength was not even great enough to raise a sack of sand, he leans over and pitches the sack five yards with one hand. He breaks his saddle-girth while leaning, and falls to the ground, forever doomed to remain among the men he despises. Meeting Saint Patrick, he tells of his adventures, and finds that his old friends have been eternally damned, whereupon

he repudiates Christianity to join them in their last long fight.

In the joyous paganism of Oisín, and his contempt for the new world, the rebellion is clear; there is no doubt as to the poet's own preferences. His sympathies are all with the unreal and lovely creatures he has created; in another of his early poems the faeries carry away a child with the plea

"Come away, O human child!  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping  
than you can understand."

The suggestion of his conflict with religion implied in the Oisín legend is a real one; it occurs often throughout the poems and plays, and he seems to get no satisfaction from a conception of God paralleling that of the church. But that he has a personal concept is also apparent, in one poem on a pagan religion (I use paganism as implying a supreme being quite different from the conceptions of Judaism or Christianity) he cries:

"Sing, O you little stars! O sing, and  
raise your rapturous carol,  
To mighty Brahma, he who made you  
many as the sands,  
And laid you on the gates of evening  
with his quiet hands."

This conception swings more towards a belief in the Christian God as Mr. Yeats approaches middle life; in "The Countess Cathleen" he evokes a contest for the souls of men between God and the forces of evil during a famine in Ireland. The mild approach to apostolicism he shows here recedes a little later; he finally settles upon a mystic religion headed by a God, but with room for his faeries and supernatural beings. Perhaps this religion is less a belief than a desire; the relationship with which he has invested his faeries

and his God is obscure throughout, and will permit only a guess on the subject.

On an equal basis with Mr. Yeats's love for mysticism is his human love for a woman. Of these two things his early lyrics are written. From 1892-99 he writes almost exclusively of the woman he loves, building about her a tradition and an allure. In one which is quite representative, "He Gives His Beloved Certain Rhymes," he says:

"You need but lift a pearl-pale hand,  
And bind up your long hair and sigh;  
And all men's hearts must burn and beat;  
And candle-like foam on the dim sand,  
And stars climbing the dew-droppingsky,  
Live but to light your passing feet."

His love lyrics, it may be seen, differ sharply from lines of a Byron or a Brooke; they are more the expression of an unearthly and detached affection, so spiritual in quality as to place it in the class of the super-platonic. In all of the emotions engendered by his love this is felt; whether he be high or low in favor, moody or exalted, and even after the affair is over, neither passion nor bitterness claim his words.

This aloofness from mere earthly passion, not only in love but in all of Mr. Yeats's emotions, springs, I think, from his constant dreaming of the faeryland he has many times described. The continuous mental evasion of reality has come close to enabling him to evade it physically. That he soon realized the consequences of his abstraction to himself, and knew that by evading what was bad in life he must necessarily evade what was good, is clearly shown in "The Man Who Dreamed of Faeryland." The dreams of faeryland have taken away from him any satisfaction in the earthly pleasures love offers, and in the rest of the poem the man finds no satisfaction in wealth or in vengeance, and even after death he

"found no comfort in the grave," for the longing is still upon him. Mr. Yeats has escaped responsibility in the world of the Sidhe, but he is aware both that something has been left behind in his escape, and that the escape has only made of him a wanderer who can never reach the country of his desires.

Although the lyric poems constitute the majority of his work until 1893, Yeats had already written several unimportant dramatic poems, "Mosada" and the "Island of Statues", and now, with the idea of a national Irish theatre in mind, he began to devote more of his time to a series of Irish plays built up about some of the old legends. The plays, however, are almost a part of the poetry; many of the speeches are in meter, and in all of them the visionary, mystical writer of the lyrics is evident. He speaks of the effect of his work on audiences as being, "the inspiration of a Muse that, although she is a little drunken, her lips still wet with the overflowing cup of life, is ready, as in the old days, to abate her voice when her sister has carried a taper among the tombs that she may tell strange stories of the deaths of kings."

The effect of his drama on the reader is much the same as that of his poems; there is the same feeling of exaltation and high longing, produced by infinitely polished and moving words. He has said "I would restore the whole ancient art of passionate speech (to the drama)", and it is for speech, and not plot, that he writes "A writer of drama", he thinks, "must always deny that there is any subject matter which is in itself dramatic". The plot is incidental; important only in that it must provide a setting and a congruous opportunity for proud and beautiful words. The people in the plays, when they are produced, chant their speeches to the accompaniment of the psaltery,

and the words give the same feeling of a strange and exquisite beauty as the flame of a candle in the wind on a black night.

In "The Countess Cathleen", the earliest of his important plays, the note of the plot is struck immediately, when Teig cries:

"Hear how the dog bays, mother,  
And how the gray hen flutters in the coop.  
Strange things are going up and down  
the land, these famine times. . . . ."

Devils are bargaining with food for the souls of the Irish peasants in a famine-struck land, and are defeated in the end by the faith and generosity of Cathleen. In it is to be found much that is most beautiful in Yeats's writing. Maire, a peasant woman, tells the devils in disguise as merchants, who are buying the soul of her husband,

"You shall at last dry like the dry  
leaves, and hang, nailed like dead  
vermin to the doors of God."

And Oona, the old nurse, tells Cathleen that

"I have known three things no doctor  
cures—love, loneliness and famine, nor  
found refuge other than growing old  
and full of sleep."

In the last act, which finds Cathleen dying, she speaks to Oona and to Aleel, her poet lover:

"Bend down your faces, Oona and Aleel:  
I gaze upon them as the swallow gazes  
Upon the nest under the eave, before  
He wander the loud waters. . . . ."

And in the final speech of old Oona, which closes the action, are three lines which for sheer power and beauty can find few equals:

"The years like great black oxen tread  
the world,  
And God the herdsman goads them  
on behind,  
And I am broken by their passing feet."

"The Countess Cathleen" was followed by "The Land of Heart's Desire", which tells the story of the luring away of a young bride on a May eve by the faeries, and again contrasts the two worlds Yeats lives in. A speech by Maire, the bride, gives much of a clue to Yeats's own longings when she says to the faery child:

"For I would ride with you upon the wind,  
Run on the top of the disheveled tide  
And dance upon the mountains like a  
a flame!"

"The Shadowy Waters" follows both in manner and subjective symbolism the lead set by the first two. "Tragic art, passionate art", he has said, "moves us by setting us to reverie, by alluring us almost to the intensity of trance . . . . . if the real world is not altogether rejected it is but touched here and there, and into the places we have left empty we summon rhythm, balance, pattern, images that remind us of vast passions, the vagueness of past times, all the chimeras that haunt the edge of trance." A fourth play, "Deirdre," can be grouped with these three both as to style and greatness. Built about the most famous of Irish legends, it is a haunting and beautiful tale of a splendid love and a noble death.

The story tells of Conchubor, High King of Ireland, and his desire that a beautiful child he has found living in the woods with an old witch should be his wife upon her coming of age. But Deirdre falls in love with Naisi, the son of Usna, and runs away with him and his two brothers from the fear of Conchubor's vengeance. The earlier part of the story, the love epic of Deirdre and Naisi in exile on their island, is skipped over, and Yeats's



tale begins and ends with the coming of Naisi and Deirdre to an old house in the woods, where they are to meet Conchubor, who has promised them safety and peace if they return to Ireland.

In the scenes in the cottage, Yeats has greatly increased the power of the story by the use of psychological symbolism. The house is the same where Lugaidh Redstripe and his wife were treacherously killed under much the same circumstances years before, and the chessboard at which they played after they had learned of the treachery, and were awaiting death, still remains. Deirdre has disbelieved Conchubor's honesty from the beginning, and she alternates her fears for her lover with a forced faith in the king. When they learn definitely that Conchubor has broken his promise, the two try to play chess, to "meet the high and comely end" of the other lovers. But the contrast between Deirdre and Redstripe's wife, "who had the body of a sea-bird half the year", is too great; blood and passion flow in Deirdre's veins, and not sea-water. Deirdre is no less courageous than the other, but she is cast in a different mold, and all the subtleties of her character are limned by Mr. Yeats against the qualities of the other woman. The chess game is impossible to her; she says to Naisi:

"Bend and kiss me now,  
For it may be the last before our death.  
And when that's over, we'll be different;  
Imperishable things, a cloud or a fire.  
And I know nothing but this body,  
Nothing but that old vehement, bewildering kiss."

The tale ends with the death of Naisi by Conchubor's soldiers, and the suicide of Deirdre over his body, cheating Conchubor of his purpose to make her his queen.

Any tinge of naturalism must obviously be absent from plays like these. Yeats

does not want to re-hash and criticize in his art the common or sordid in the lives and actions of people, but rather to give a subtler and finer expression of the possibilities of these lives on a more spiritual plane. There are so many ungraceful things in the world, he feels, that any additions to their number should be discouraged. Art should be an idealization; a lofty painting rather than a photograph. This also explains, I think, the quasi-metricality of his lines and the absence of dramatic form.

In his prose writings, Yeats has given us both an explanation of himself and his beliefs, and a thoughtful criticism of life. In his essay on Magic, he sets up three postulates which contain the explanation, to a large extent, of his style. They are:

(1) That the borders of our minds are ever shifting, and that many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind, a single energy.

(2) That the borders of our memories are as shifting, and that our memories are a part of one great memory, the memory of Nature herself.

(3) That this great mind and great memory can be evoked by symbols.

Magic to Yeats is not what is meant by the term in common usage, but rather a convenient term for those supernatural and visionary elements of life, that, we are assured by mediums, actually exist. He dabbled much in this spiritualism in later life, and wrote much of his experiences, especially those gained through the automatic spirit-writing of his wife. I do not think, however, that he was ever wholly converted. He took from it, rather, what he could use in his work, and noncommittally left the rest. The efficacy of the trance-state to produce visions of beauty he believed in, and tried to pro-

(Continued on Page 47)



# TITIAN BLONDE

By REVERE BEASLEY

FRANK SAYLES was through with necking. He had tried it in all its forms and with every type of girl. Life for him had been one continuous osculatory party, and then he had changed his view-point. The same thing had brought about this sudden reversal of attitude that causes most strange things in the lives of young men,—a girl. The whole thing had happened at a party. Frank had met one of those most unusual phenomena, a girl who refused to be kissed. It was the first time he had run across it, and he wasn't sure just how to handle the situation. She had made him feel so foolish when he had tried to kiss her that he began to give the whole subject his most concentrated consideration.

"You know, Bob," he said to his chum a few nights later, "that girl was right. It is a foolish occupation. When you come right down to the fact of the matter. What do you get out of it? Nothing. You think you're having a good time, but you're not. I tell you, it's a lot of rot!! And from now on I'm through with it!! Get me? Through!"

Bob only smiled and said, "We'll see." He and Frank had been chums for years, and he was interested in seeing how long this new wrinkle would last.

It lasted for four months. One hundred and twenty days had come and gone, and Frank had not been on a single date. He was still violent in his denunciation of the great American pastime, and aired his views at every opportunity. Then he met Patsy Donham.

Bob arranged the meeting because he had grown tired of his chum's anti-female attitude, and determined to break it if possible. "You've got to help me out," he yelled as he burst into Frank's room one evening. "I'm stuck with a double

date and I can't find anyone to take the extra girl off of my hands. Consequently, you're elected."

Frank wasn't at all enthusiastic, but after much persuasion he finally agreed. "Only remember one thing," he added to his decision to go, "I'm not doing any necking. This friend of yours, whoever she may be, can think I'm a flat tire, or a minus quantity, or anything else she wants to, but you know how I feel about the matter. And that's that."

"I don't care what you do after you get there, only snap out of it now. Get that face of yours scraped, comb your hair, and let's go. We're going to be late as it is."

The cleaning process was soon complete, and the two started out. Not once from the time they left the house until they arrived at their destination did Frank stop his lecture. "Don't forget," he said as Bob pushed the door-bell, "I'm coming over here as a personal favor to you, understand, and I'm not responsible for any unfavorable impressions I may create."

"All right," answered his chum with that peculiar smile which he always wore when he had something up his sleeve. "And I'm not responsible for anything that may happen either."

They stepped into the library. There in a huge overstuffed chair sat Patsy, the girl whom he was to entertain for the evening. She was a pretty girl with deep brown eyes almost hidden by long curling lashes, which Frank suspected were slightly treated with glycerine. Her mouth was small, accented by just the proper amount of lip-stick, and her cheeks were very delicately tinted with rouge. She had apparently mastered the art of make-up so as to bring out all of

the qualities of her natural charm. In short, she was the type of girl at whom you will take a second look when she passes you on the street. The most striking thing about her, however, was her hair. It was bobbed in Garbo fashion, and was of that rich color which is artistically known as Titian, but most commonly called, "red".

Even before they were introduced, something told Frank that he was about to break his resolution; although he wouldn't admit it even to himself. Perhaps it would be all right to make an exception to his rule just this once. No, he had made up his mind, and he'd stick to it. Then too, how about Bob? Bob would most certainly give him the finest razzing of his life if he were to break his word. Especially after the way he had so vehemently expressed himself on the way over. The only thing to do was to sit and talk. That's what he'd do. He'd talk. He could think up enough clever things to say. He'd prove to Bob that it was possible to spend an evening in conversation, and show him that the intellect was more powerful than the emotions when one was on a date.

Turning these things over in his mind, he slowly crossed the room and sat down on the arm of the big over-stuffed chair.

Once seated, Frank attempted to put his program of conversation into practice, but with every sentence he felt himself more and more attracted to the girl who sat in the chair beside him. He wasn't quite sure, but she seemed to be moving over closer to him. He could feel the warmth of her shoulder pressed against his side. Her head brushed across his hand, which rested over the back of the chair. Instinctively he began to stroke her hair, the softest hair he had ever felt. He moved closer, and before he realized what had happened, he had slid off of the arm and into the chair beside her.

Patsy didn't speak. Instead she snuggled

over and lay her head upon his chest. Frank realized then that all was not well with his plan for proper conduct when with a member of the other sex. He felt himself slipping, but he did not try to regain his disinterested attitude. There was something about this girl which made her dearer to him than anyone had ever been before. This wasn't ordinary necking. Patsy was different. Frank had never before met a girl who made him feel as she did. He turned his head and looked into her eyes. Their heads moved toward each other, drawn by some unaccountable force. The result was exactly what might be expected. Their lips met. Never before, he thought, had a kiss tasted so delicious. Bob could razz as much as he wanted to. It didn't matter. He could easily explain the circumstances. After all, he hadn't really broken his promise to himself. This wasn't mere promiscuity. This was love. That's what it was—love. At last he had found the girl he had been looking for. Yes, that's all there was to it. Frank Sayles was in love.

"I thought you were all through with girls," Bob began as soon as they had left the house and started for home. "Thought you were only going to talk to her."

"Shut up!"

"Don't forget I told you I wouldn't be responsible for anything that happened. And you certainly did pretty well for a man who has been preaching the sermons you have around here."

"SHUT UP!"

"I can't say I blame you an awful lot, though. She was pretty smooth, wasn't she? Wouldn't have minded sitting in that chair with her myself. However, don't you start airing your views to me any more. Not unless you're going to practice what you preach."

"Listen to me, Bob Rogers." Frank had stood about all he could. "You and I have been Buddies for a long while. We've stood together through good times and bad. Now once more I ask you, please listen to reason. I know my actions to-night didn't seem to bear out the things I've been saying, but believe me, this girl isn't like the others. Patsy's different. She's the kind of a girl I've been looking for all my life. Bob, she's just wonderful."

"Ah ha," said Bob, pulling his hat down over his eyes and stroking an imaginary moustache. "The plot thickens. The fair damsel has won our noble Galahad's heart. Look out, boy, don't fall too hard."

"Please be serious, Bob. Can't you see I'm completely gone on her. I think she's the most lovely creature in the world. Don't laugh. Maybe it does sound funny, but it's the truth." By that time they had reached the house, and Frank turned to go in. "So long," he grumbled, "see you to-morrow."

"So long, Romeo, and don't lose too much sleep over her."

But Frank did lose a great deal of sleep over her. He undressed and got into bed, but could not sleep. Every time he'd close his eyes, he was confronted by a vision of Patsy. He got up and tried to read, but his mind kept wandering from the book to a certain big over-stuffed chair in which sat a beautiful girl with deep brown eyes and Titian hair. He threw the book on the table, lit a cigarette, and began to walk up and down the room. At last he got back into bed and fell asleep, only to dream about Patsy.

Morning came, and still Frank could not erase the vision from his mind. He seemed to be in a trance. When spoken to, he would start as if he were suddenly recalled from wanderings in some distant land. At breakfast he poured water over his cereal and salted his fruit. Everything he tried to do went amiss in one way or

another. Nevertheless, in some unexplainable manner, he managed to get through the day.

Immediately after supper, he rushed to the telephone. He gave the number and waited. It seemed hours before there was an answer. "Is Patsy there?" She was, would he hold the line. Another wait of hours, then a voice which he knew could belong to only one girl in the world answered. At the sound of that voice, everything that he had planned to say left him like a flash. "Oh, hello, Patsy. Are you busy? Can I er — er — ." What made him tremble like that? He wasn't nervous. No, of course not. Funny the effect that girl had on him. He took a deep breath and tried again, "Can I — ? When — ? To-night — ? All right. Right away." Frank banged the receiver down on the hook and rushed upstairs. The speed with which he got dressed would have made a fireman look like a Jersey Central local. In less than a quarter of an hour he was all shaved and polished and was headed in the general direction of the Donham home.

That sort of thing continued for several weeks. Frank's condition went from bad to worse. Almost every night found him with Patsy. If a night passed when he couldn't see her, he was like a caged lion, pacing the floor and wondering what to do with himself. Without her he was lost. On one such evening Bob dropped in, and they attempted to play cards, but it was no use. Frank simply couldn't keep his mind on the game. He continually interrupted with remarks about Patsy. "She has the most glorious eyes, Bob," he said. Or, "Isn't her hair the best you have ever seen? It's so soft, and such a rich color."

"Oh, dry up and play the game. To hear you talk, you'd think there wasn't another girl in the world. Anyhow, don't forget what Eleanor Glynn has to say about red-heads."



"Eleanor Glynn's a lot of hooley. And besides, Patsy's hair isn't red. She's a Titian blonde."

"Titian, your mother-in-law, it's red. R-E-D, red." And so they continued to fight their game of cards until Bob could stand it no longer, and left the house.

Months passed, and Frank continued to spend most of his time at the Donhams. He had gotten over those wild flights that he had had at first, but he was still deeply in love with the girl. He no longer had day dreams, but she still filled his thoughts from morning until it was time for his nightly visit. Patsy Donham was no longer a dream; she had become a real part of his life. Even Bob had ceased to "ride" him about her. Instead he was wondering how much longer he would have to wait before it would be time to offer his congratulations. Then she had gone away for a short trip.

Frank was at the house as usual when Patsy told him of her prospective visit. Her Aunt in Rhode Island had invited her to come and spend a week with her. It had been a long while since she had had an opportunity to get away for a little while, and she was going to grasp it now that it had come. Frank smiled weakly, and muttered something about hoping she would have a good time.

Next morning he went to the train with her to see her off. "Good-bye, dear," he whispered as the train pulled in to the platform. "Please think of me a little bit while you're away, and drop me a line once in a while. It will seem ages until you get back. I'm going to be terribly lonely, and I'll write to you every day."

She started to board the train. "Good-bye, Frank," she said, bending down from the step to kiss him. Of course, I'll write to you, though I won't promise a letter every day. After all, I'll only be gone

for a week. You know they say that absence makes the heart grow fonder."

"Yeh, of somebody else," Frank grumbled.

"You foolish boy," she said, kissing him again. "Don't be so silly. It will be better for us both that we should be separated for a little while. Then we'll love each other that much more when I return. Now be a good boy, and don't you dare to speak to another girl until I get back. Remember, I'm jealous of every girl who so much as looks at you." She patted him gently on the cheek, and the train moved out of the station.

For a week Frank was lost. He couldn't sleep, he couldn't eat, he couldn't do anything. Every evening directly after supper he went upstairs to his room, wrote a long letter, and addressed it to Rhode Island. Then he and Bob took a walk down to the post office where it was carefully deposited in the proper slot. Bob tried his best to cheer his chum, first through sympathy, then through wise cracks, but Frank remained in the same melancholy mood. It was not until the end of the week that he began to show signs of once more becoming his regular self. As each day went by, he became increasingly cheerful.

On the night before Patsy was to return, the two friends sat in the library reading. Frank was disinterestedly glancing through a novel, and Bob was perusing the local newspaper. Frank was apparently thinking more about Patsy than he was about his book, for he would gaze off into space from time to time.

"Only one more day, and she'll be back again," he said, looking up. "I thought this week would never end. You can't imagine how wonderful it is, Bob, to love and to be loved by a girl like that. As I've continually repeated, I think she's just about perfect. And," he added slowly, "she feels the same way about me."



"Uh huh," grunted Bob without raising his eyes.

"Of course, she's only written me two letters since she's been gone, but then she's been having a good time with her Aunt, and you can't expect her to waste a lot of it in writing letters." He took a dainty envelope out of his inside coat pocket, opened it very carefully, and began to read the letter half aloud. "It was so wonderful and yet so like a dream that I saw you at the station. I was thinking about you all through the trip . . ." Bob folded his paper, put it on the table, and began to listen to Frank who continued to read. ". . . and as to thinking about you, dear, I do nothing else the whole day long. You are my first and last thought . . . . I can . . . ."

"You certainly seem to be dead in love with her," Bob interrupted. "But what would you say if you found out that she didn't really love you the way you seem to think she does? Suppose she were just giving you a 'line'?"

Frank laughed. "There you go again. Look here, Bob, you know that I've been out with a whole army of girls. Er—that is, before I met Patsy. Well, don't you think that I ought to be able to tell the real thing from a 'line' by this time? Can't you see it's not only what she says that makes me believe she really cares? It's the little things she does. Oh, maybe these letters do sound a bit sloppy, but actions speak louder than words, you know. She cares for me all right, and don't you try to tell me that she doesn't."

"Well then, I won't try to tell you anything. I just wanted to warn you, that's all. You know I don't trust these red-heads."

"How many times must I tell you not to call Patsy a red-head? Anyhow, it's none of your damn business."

Frank wasn't sure what train Patsy

would arrive on, so he couldn't go to the station to meet her, but he had asked her in a letter to call him as soon as she got home. He sat in the library, shifting his eyes from the clock to the telephone and back to the clock. It was eight-thirty. She ought to be home by now. What could have happened? Why didn't she call? Maybe he had better call her and find out whether or not anything was wrong. He got up and started toward the phone. Before he got there, the bell rang. At last. He breathed a sigh of relief as he lifted the receiver from the hook. "Hello." That didn't sound like Patsy's voice. "Oh yes, Mrs. Donham? Hasn't Patsy returned yet?"

"No," answered the girl's mother, "That is what I called you up about. Patsy has decided to stay over until Wednesday. You see, Mr. Donham and I thought it would be rather fun to give her a surprise party on that evening. We should like very much to have you and Bob come over. You will, won't you?"

Frank didn't answer at once. He was thinking. Wednesday; three whole days to wait until he would see her again. And then at a party, doggone it, there would be a whole crowd there, and he did want to see her alone that first night. Oh well, better to see her in a crowd than not at all.

"Will you be able to come over?" Mrs. Donham was getting impatient.

Frank jumped. "Why—er—yes. Yes, surely. Thanks."

"It's just a little informal affair, you know, no Tuxedos or anything like that. I'm so glad you can make it. Good-bye."

"Gooood-bye." Frank dropped into a chair. Three more days to wait, and he had thought that torture of loneliness was all over. And besides, the crowd. What a hell of a life this was anyway. If the past week had been torture, what

would these next three days be like?

Frank found out all too well what the next three days were like. He was the most despondent individual in the whole country. Try as he would, Bob could not help his friend out of the blues. Time dragged. Each day seemed a week. If God had stopped the sun for Joshua, why couldn't he snap it up a bit for Frank Sayles? By Wednesday, he looked a sight.

When Bob called for him that evening, he began to laugh. "You look more ready for a funeral than for a party. Come on, big boy, brace up and let's go. You're going to see her to-night, so why all the gloom?"

"I don't feel the least bit like going to a party. I wanted to have Patsy all to myself to-night," he said as they started down the street. "And now there'll be a whole flock of fellows hanging around."

"Forget it. You'll be able to sneak off into a corner away from the rest of the bunch. They all know how you feel about her, and they'll give you a break."

"Well, I sincerely hope they will, Bob, but I'm all set for a rotten evening."

But if Frank had planned on being miserable during the party, he was quite mistaken. Patsy met him at the door, and after a hurried glance around her, gave him a quick kiss. "Go on in and dance," she whispered. "I'll be right with you as soon as everyone is here. Isn't it all just too thrilling? I can hardly believe it's true."

"Don't be too long. I'll be waiting for you," he called when Bob grabbed his arm and pushed him into the room where they were dancing.

Once in the room, Bob disappeared in search of a partner. Frank watched the dancers for some time, wondering when Patsy would be free to dance with him. He wanted the first dance with her. The music was excellent, and he couldn't keep his feet still. So when Patsy's younger

sister asked him why he was playing wall-flower, and demanded that he dance with her, he stepped out onto the floor without any further thought.

That first dance was all that was necessary to start him going. The spell had been broken, and Frank was having a glorious time. "How's it going?" Bob called as they passed each other on the floor. "Perfect," he called back. Only one thing was lacking. How long was Patsy going to stay out there in the hall? At the end of the number, he stepped out to find her. "I'll be right in," she said over her shoulder. "Just as soon as I powder my nose."

Frank didn't wait for her to powder. The orchestra had begun a new number. He took her by the arm, muttered something about looking beautiful without the powder, and led her to the floor.

That dance was wonderful. It was so good to hold that body in his arms again, to look into those eyes, to feel that hair against his cheek. And how beautiful her hair looked in the soft light. How could people call it that horrible color, red? He held her closer and danced on. What had made him think he would have a wretched time? He didn't know. He didn't care. He was supremely happy.

Of course he couldn't have every dance with Patsy, but he did have as many as were possible. He danced, first with her, then with someone else, then with her again. He was sorry when the orchestra stopped playing, and the group went into the dining-room for refreshments. Patsy left him as the music stopped. She made some excuse which he didn't hear and disappeared.

Everyone was laughing and munching sandwiches. Then Mr. Donham appeared in the doorway, with Patsy on one side of him and a strange youth on the other. He would probably entertain them with a few impersonations. Mr. Donham

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# WHEN ONE COULDN'T BELIEVE THE NEWSPAPERS

By KENNETH K. KOST

“**Y**OU can't believe what you read in the papers,” is a common saying among people of all classes. Newspapers have a well-earned reputation for coloring and faking news. At one time, less than sixty years ago, newspapers did not hesitate to publish a hoax, as fake stories are known in journalistic lingo. To-day, the hoax is a thing of the past though news still is colored.

People used to fall hard for hoaxes. They were a big thing, and the editors of the papers recognized them as such. The managing editors did not hesitate to give a hoax the most prominent position on the first page. People never knew whether a story was the “gospel truth” or just the imagination of some clever reporter. The result of the numerous hoaxes was the distrust of newspapers. Many people to-day still believe that when news becomes scarce the editor gets a reporter to fabricate some thrilling yarn. They still distrust the newspapers. Untruth in the paper, to-day, is usually due to misinformation or to the coloring of news, seldom to a hoax.

To-day some of these old hoaxes are amusing. At the time when they first appeared, they may have caused serious consequences. They may have caused panics or even deaths, but now we can see their humorous side. Two of the most famous of all hoaxes in journalism were the moon hoax in the New York **Sun** in 1835 and the wild animal hoax which appeared forty years later in the New York **Herald**.

The moon hoax was a masterpiece. It was not just a last-minute idea of an editor or reporter but a deep-laid plot. From August 21, 1835, until August 31,

1835, the stories which composed the moon hoax appeared in the New York **Sun**. They created an uproar which spread to all parts of the civilized world. A year later, some people believed the stories to have been true. The circulation of the **Sun** increased until it was the largest of any daily in the world. The hoax put the **Sun** in the limelight.

Before one can really understand the hoax, he should know a little about Richard Adams Locke, the author of it. Locke was a native of England. He had been educated by his mother and by private tutors until he was nineteen years of age, when he entered Cambridge. While a student there, he contributed to several publications; when he left the university, he started the London Republican which soon failed. He published a magazine for a while, wrote for magazines and papers, and in 1832 he came to New York with his wife and infant daughter.

He went to work as a reporter for the *Courier and Enquirer*. In 1835, he was fired for writing for the **Sun** on the side; so Benjamin H. Day, the founder and owner of the **Sun**, put him to work at \$12.00 a week. This was the man who, to increase his meagre salary, was to write the hoax which was to startle New York and the rest of the world.

On August 21, 1835, the first hoax article appeared on the second page of the **Sun**. It read as follows:

## CELESTIAL DISCOVERIES.—

The Edinburgh *Courant* says: “We have just learnt from an eminent publisher in this city that Sir John Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, has made some astronomical discoveries of the most wonderful description, by



means of an immense telescope of an entirely new principle."

The story was true in some respects. Sir John F. W. Herschel had gone to South Africa in January, 1834, and had established an observatory at Feldhausen, near Cape Town, with the intention of completing his survey of the heavens by examining the southern skies even as he had swept the northern, thus to make the first telescopic survey of the whole surface of the visible heavens. Otherwise, the story was false.

A few years previous to 1835, the last number of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science* had come from the press. Its successor, if any, was the *New Philosophical Journal*. One of the issues of the last-named publication contained an article by Dr. Thomas Dick, of Dundee, on the feasibility of communicating with the people on the moon, if there were any, by making great stone symbols on the earth. The people on the moon could reply in the same way. Dr. Dick afterwards explained that he had written the article to satirize a certain coterie of eccentric German astronomers. This was the germ for Locke's idea. The *Sun*, however, attributed its information to a supplement of the *Journal of Science* which in turn attributed its information to a Dr. Andrew Grant who had been working with Dr. Herschel. Of course, the entire story was a hoax.

The second story on August 25 was for the purpose of swinging the scientists over to the side of the *Sun*. It told in detail and in scientific terms of the construction of the great telescope. This magnificent instrument had a great lens 24 feet in diameter and weighing, when polished, nearly 15,000 pounds. Its estimated magnifying power was 42,000 times; and as Sir John saw it safely started on its trip to Africa, he "expressed confidence in his ultimate ability to

study even the entomology of the moon, in case she contained insects upon her surface." It was so powerful that a view of the moon through it was equal to that which the unaided eye commands of terrestrial objects at the distance of 100 yards.

At the end of this article, the *Sun* explained that it had received its copy of the supplement of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science* from a medical gentleman who had recently arrived from Scotland.

The article, which was published on the next day, August 26, was gobbled up like candy by the public. It told how by means of a large reflector the lunar views were thrown on a large canvas behind the telescope. The reflection was supposed to have been 49 feet across. The article went on to tell what the people at the observatory saw on this screen.

Beautiful beaches, high mountains, attractive forests, and wild animals were described as to color, size, and shape. In telling of an animal which greatly resembled the goat, Dr. Grant is quoted as saying:

"This beautiful creature afforded us the most exquisite amusement. The mimicry of its movements upon our white-painted canvas was as faithful and luminous as that of animals within a few yards of a camera obscura when seen pictured upon its tympan."

A species of gray pelican and several black and white cranes were also described. "At this point, clouds intervened, and the Herschel party had to call it a day."

The other papers fell as hard for the hoax as did anyone else. The *Merchandise Advertiser* began to re-print the articles. The *Times*, a predecessor of the present paper of the same name "said that everything in the *Sun* story was probable and plausible." Only a



few of the six-penny papers omitted an account of it.

The next day, the thirty-eight species of forest trees, the nine species of mammalia, and the five of oviparia were described. Of the beaver, it was said:

"It resembles the beaver of the earth in every other respect than its destitution of a tail and its invariable habit of walking upon only two feet. It carries its young in its arms, like a human being. Its huts are constructed better and higher than those of many tribes of human savages and from the appearance of smoke in nearly all of them there is no doubt of its being acquainted with the use of fire."

On Friday, August 28, 1835, the **Sun** broke a world's record for circulation with 19,360 copies. The next paper, the **London Times**, had but a circulation of 17,000. It was no wonder that the **Sun** broke records that day; it contained the first story of the famous man-bats. "They averaged four feet in height, were covered, except on the face, with short, glossy, copper-colored hair, and had wings composed of a thin membrane, without hair, lying snugly upon their backs, from the top of the shoulders to the calves of the legs."

The articles in the **Sun** indicated that the original article had been illustrated. People began clamoring to see the illustrations. The **Sun**, however, was not stumped. A lithographer used his imagination so that the **Sun** was soon able to sell lithographs for 25 cents a set. A popular edition of the so-called "Dr. Herschel's great work" sold two for a quarter.

On August 29, the people of New York were told of a great temple. It was built of sapphire, with a roof of some yellow metal, supported by columns 70 feet high and 6 feet in diameter.

The end came on August 31. The last article told some more about the man-bats and the reason for the conclusion of the articles.

"One night, when the astronomers finished work, they neglectfully left the telescope facing the eastern horizon. The rising sun burnt a hole 15 feet in circumference through the reflecting-chamber, and ruined part of the observatory. When the damage was repaired, the moon was invisible, and so Dr. Herschel turned his attention to Saturn."

The hoax though was not yet over. A party of Yale men and professors came to New York from New Haven to see the supplement. They were kept chasing around town to various places where the supplement was supposed to be until it was time for them to return to New Haven. They never got to see the object of their search. In Springfield, Mass., women collected a fund to send missionaries to the benighted luminary. In Paris, London, Glasgow, and other European cities, the story was re-printed.

The **Journal of Commerce** made the first denial which had any basis for it. It was ready to re-print the entire hoax when Locke warned a **Journal** reporter of the hoax. The **Journal** immediately revealed the hoax, and other papers followed.

The **Sun**, however, kept stringing the other papers along. It declared that it would not retract the story until it had been proven false by English or Scotch newspapers. It added that some people would always believe the story and that others would not though they were in the observatory of Dr. Herschel, himself.

Locke was glad when the whole thing was over. He was surprised at the success of the hoax. He gained considerable fame as the result of his work, but ever after his writings were distrusted.

People were always afraid of another hoax.

The wild animal hoax which appeared in the New York **Herald** on November 9, 1874, was a one-day hoax, but a more spectacular one than the moon hoax. On this Monday morning, the people of New York who picked up the **Herald** became horror-stricken. Never before in their lives had they read of such a tragedy as had happened the previous Sunday afternoon. The wild animals in the Central Park zoo had broken loose, ran amuck, killed people, mangled women beyond recognition, tore children into shreds, and crushed men who attempted to stop them.

After a long editorialized general description of the event and a proclamation by the mayor asking all citizens to stay indoors, the **Herald** began to tell of the CATASTROPHE. A keeper at the zoo had poked the rhinoceros in the eye with his cane. The infuriated beast had burst through his cage and killed his tormenter, and then the commotion began.

Like a bull in a china shop, the rhinoceros smashed one cage after another. Lions, tigers and other beasts mad with the smell of blood were free where five minutes previously, 20,000 people had been walking. The **Herald** believed in making strong statements. The story soon told of the animals ripping men to pieces, women were dying of fright, the streets were literally running with blood. A tiger broke into a crowded church and killed a woman; another leaped on a ferry-boat and frightened horses attached to wagons and carriages who plunged into the river, dragging their human loads to death after them.

The city was pictured as a madhouse. The paper declared that the citizens ran around shooting at the animals but hitting other citizens instead. The police were helpless; so the National Guard had

been called out. A party of Swedish hunters killed a lioness; so a subscription had been started as a testimonial to "these brave children of the Norseland for their maiden service to the great Republic." Governor John A. Dix shot a tiger at Madison Avenue and 34th Street. Numerous other incidents were described in gory details.

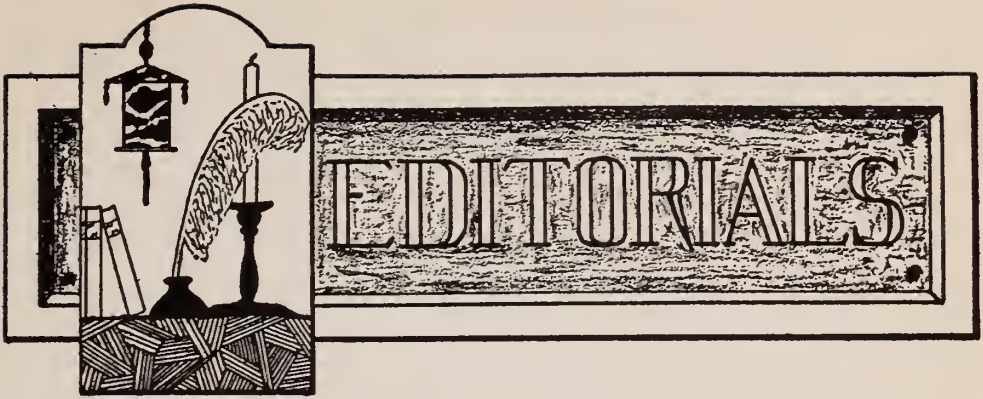
A list, not complete at the time, listed 32 as dead and about half that number wounded. The list of slaughtered animals was also given. After warning the people against the animals at large and commending the National Guard and police, the article ends with this naive declaration:

"Of course, the entire story given above is a pure fabrication. Not one word of it is true. Not a single act or incident described has taken place. It is a huge hoax, a wild romance."

Very few people though ever read that far. As in the case of the moon hoax, the other papers were fooled as well as the ordinary citizen. The editor of the **Times** received a copy of the **Herald** at his home, took one glance at it, ran out, engaged a coach, picked up his reporters at their homes, and rushed to police headquarters; only to turn away a broken and foolish man. A member of the **Herald** reported at the office with two big navy revolvers girded about his waist. Others searched everywhere for missing beasts.

The whole thing behind the hoax was the desire of Thomas B. Connery, managing editor of the **Herald**, to have the cages at the zoo strengthened. His suggestions to the authorities went unheeded; so he decided on the hoax. It was written by Harry O'Connor, a reporter, and re-written by Joseph I. C. Clarke, the night editor. The story should real-

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Dean McConn evidently desires to consider college students as men, for he sees the value of such a method in self-development and responsibility; there is, however, something to be said on the other side, for we find by observation that there is a certain group in college which either is not mature enough or does not know sufficient to care for itself. These students are those who without consideration of results join a large number of small worthless campus societies because they think membership an honor. There is no time to do justice to all of the positions they hold and they become tired, fagged-out drags, with little ambition for either studies or their extra-curricula activities.

We do not wish to condemn in any way those organizations which are valuable assets to the University, those which encourage sports, or those which foster scholarship; such clubs offer their members common interest and experience of a worthwhile nature, but there are on the campus many small, loosely-organized, purposeless societies, held together each year by one or two inspiring souls. Their membership is fairly large and yet over half have little or no interest. Some students belong to so many of these that they can take no active part in any. These dead-head members are worthless; the whole system is a social crime.

Omicron Delta Kappa has made a fine beginning, but its plan is not complete. We can only bewail the fact that the faculty saw fit to accept it without revision. For a true limitation which would solve the problem satisfactorily all student activities of a time-taking nature should be placed upon the list. The purpose and theory of the present plan is good, but it is not efficacious. Certain extra-curricula activities are relegated to a three-point category, others six, and the so-called maximum group is nine. With both this method and with the balanced alignment we find no fault, but we do believe that the plan should include everything and not just the listed items. A survey of the present conditions shows that only one student is engaging in more work than the plan allows. Surely the whole scheme was not devised to limit one student. If, however, the unmentioned activities were brought into the fold, then we would find a few more students limited and the original intention of the plan together with its desired effect would be more nearly realized.

We must consider both the man and the organization. No student organization should have the right to exist without a definite and approved purpose; such a society should be a benefit to the University in some way or else be abol-



ished. An investigation would show that many organizations now in existence, as well as membership or political offices are empty honors, the spoils of war, with no function worth mentioning. And then the man: some fellows are able to do more than others, but it is physically impossible to do many things well. All of us should have some play time. Many projects have failed entirely simply because they were in the hands of someone who did not have the time to put them across. Perhaps if the senior honoraries would increase their membership or consider students who had done some things well rather than many things poorly just to amass points, perhaps then the situation would be somewhat relieved, and the number of fagged-out, ambitionless, would-be campus leaders, as well as the number of flunk-outs would be materially lessened.

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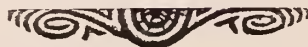
In the eagerness of our youth we are prone to make great promises both for ourselves and for those works which are guided in their short existence by our hands. Often Time wears away the ardor of a good beginning. Experience manifests our shortcomings, but at the same time teaches us to beware the pitfalls and stumbling-blocks which inevitably are placed in our way.

This is the first issue of the Lehigh Review to be published completely by the new staff. We have great plans for next year; whether or not they will all materi-

alize only time can tell. A new cover design has been made which will give our magazine an added touch of distinction and will mark it out more clearly as a college literary publication. We are hoping and working for a larger subscription at reduced rates. More diversified articles will be sought — short plays, poetry, colorful stories, student dissertations, book reviews, science and engineering articles, editorials, all will be welcome.

The Lehigh Review has made great advances. As each new staff has profited somewhat by the experience of its predecessor the publication has progressed. Because of the changeability and limitations of human nature it is impossible always to carry out everything exactly as planned. There are circumstances which perforce alter our original policies and swerve them into a similar and even parallel but never quite homologous channel. But our desire is ever steady. We wish to give to the students of Lehigh University as adequate an organ as possible to serve as an outlet for the literary and artistic abilities, the effluences of student thought and opinion, and to record such dissertations as for various reasons we deem worthy to present to the student body. Everyone is invited to write — it is your magazine.

In concluding we wish to acknowledge and compliment the fine work of those predecessors who delighted in doing their best. They will be leaving us soon, and as we take up the task where they left it we are urged on by their example and their faith in us.





## Preface To Confessional

### I

It would be easier for me to come  
To this small latticed window if I knew  
That here within your close-walled adytum  
We might confine our conversation to  
Small commonplaces, topics that do not  
Concern morality or God, or dwell  
Too closely on the old, annoying thought  
That there is heaven, or that there is hell . . . .  
It would be easier if I were sure  
We had no argument, or that the soul  
You study in your volumes is as pure  
As that my senses teach me must control  
All life, and give all animation breath—  
As pure, I say, and yet as sure of death.

### II

If you, that read theology, are right,  
And I, that have no basis for belief  
Other than what I sometimes hear at night  
Told by the wind, and whispered by each leaf  
That rests a moment at my window-sill  
Before it drops to darkness—padre, friend,  
If I am wrong, and after this there still  
Is life that transcends every mortal end,  
Or there exists our greater counterpart  
Somewhere within ourselves—then it were fit  
That I give thought to preparation, start  
The last refinement of this clay, that it  
May prove a proper home for this strange thing  
Unseen, that is within me lingering.

### III

But if the symbols I have chanced upon  
In late nocturnal quests—truths I have found  
Patterned in withered leaves across a lawn  
Etched dark in shadows; read into the sound  
Of slowly-dropping rain, or heard within  
The low, uneasy moan of wind in trees  
Barren of everything but night—if in  
Such signs there can be wisdom, or if these  
Dead tokens have a true significance,  
And we may safely guess that after this

There is no more than our last cognizance  
Of dull oblivion: then I had best dismiss  
All thought of heavenly pleasures and demand  
Nothing beyond the few I understand.

#### IV

I do not want a soul. I do not want  
A fretful harbinger of promised joy  
Stirring within me, constantly to haunt  
My nights with futile visions, or annoy  
My conscious hours with thoughts that now I must  
Forever cleanse, and test, and criticize  
Myself against the time when flesh is dust  
And what is neither flesh nor dust will rise  
Into its proper realm. I do not care  
To substitute for what I know to be  
Available, only a distant, rare  
Anticipation; for I would be free  
To forget the hope that sometimes death can give —  
Free to believe that it is here and now I live.

G. M. O.

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## THE HURRICANE

By JAMES B. PINKERTON

**M**OTIONLESS, the **Kingfisher** floated like a chip on a stagnant pool. For more than twenty-four hours the pennant at the masthead had not so much as twitched, and so far as the eye could reach no movement or sound disturbed the deathlike solitude of the sea. What had become of the screaming gulls, whose white wings I had seen glistening and sliding overhead early in the morning, and whose fantastic capers had brightened the dull hours since we left Long Key?

The sun poured down, blistering the glossy varnish of the deck, from which the heat arose in swirling vapors, distorting the panorama of the horizon. Unconsciously, my hand touched the rough surface of a main-stay, jerking away spasmodically, as if seared by a brand.

Breathing the air was like inhaling chlorine fumes. It was unbearable, and I hastily retreated to the cooler cabin below where I flung myself, sticky and miserable, upon the couch. I began to worry.

Suddenly the words of an old cracker I had known came to me—"when ther' isn't no clouds, an' every thin's calm an' dead-like, an' the birds begins to head away, you c'n be mighty sure there's a blow comin' on." That was it! Jumping to my feet, I gave a yell for George, the giant nassau nigger, who comprised the mate and crew of my little sloop.

"Here I is, Mister Jim," he said, poking his sweat-streaked face through the galley door. "What's you want?"

"George," I cried, "do you think that this weather is a premonitory sign of a hurricane? I mean are we going to get

a bad storm? This is the season for them, when they do come, you know."

"I dunno what to say, Mister Jim," he replied, "somethin' powerful strange is doin', but I sure hopes it ain't goin' t' be no hurrican'."

"We are certainly in a bad spot for it," I remarked with a sigh, "ninety miles from Long Key and thirty from Andros Island with only sail power and not enough wind to stir a feather. We might just as well be in the very center of the Atlantic."

I went over to the barometer, my heart heavy with dread. It had been normal when I looked at it several hours ago. Now, however, I found that it had dropped three points. Three points! That settled the question. We were in for a real storm. An hour later the pressure had fallen two points more, and I knew we would not have long to wait. Still there was no change in the skies. The sun kept up its merciless prosecution, while the usually-faithful trade winds continued to hold off.

About four o'clock I noticed the first visible changes. The atmosphere became slightly hazy; to the Southeast a dark tint crept up the sky, blotting out the rich blue; smoky clouds began to form and shut out the latent rays of the sun; and a timid little breeze, cool and refreshing, commenced to ruffle the smooth surface of the water. It suddenly came to me that I was looking upon one of the most ruthless and ghastly phenomena of all nature, as it grew bigger and darker, ever pressing closer. What a gripping spectacle! I stood there gazing in fascination, as if held by some strange power, unable to do anything but watch that amazing transformation.

George, who was quite thoroughly frightened, came trotting up to me.

"Boss, we's can't beat that fellow. Oh Lord, help us to come through safe," he cried, above the rising gale.

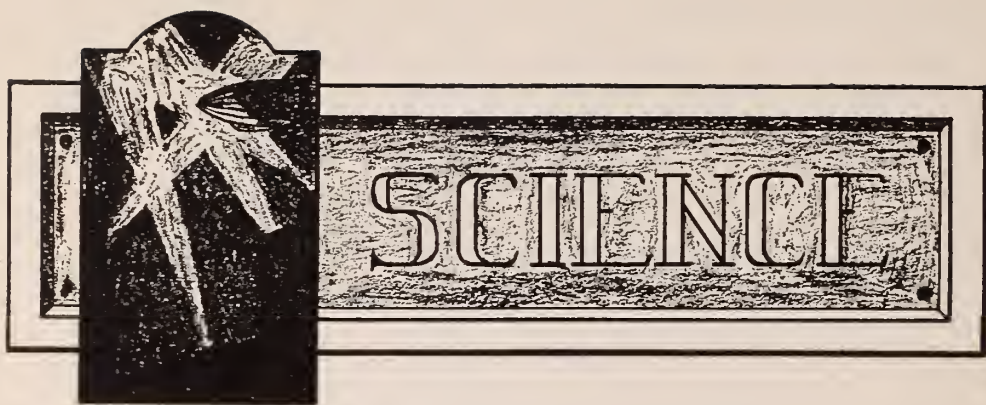
His words recalled me to my senses. Immediately we set about to make what little preparation was possible. Most of the superfluous objects on deck, including a portion of the rigging, I dumped over the side, while the nigger secured and re-enforced the hatches and ports as best he could. Before we were well started upon our work, the storm swept down, its force growing every second. The wind was like a solid wall of steel coming at you, catching everything in its path. Having done all that was possible to relieve the strain of the blow across the deck, and to make the craft water-tight, I plunged across the slippery boards to the companionway, tumbling down the steps into the cabin. The big negro slid the hatch closed and slipped the bolts behind me.

All that night the storm raged, twisting the boat around like an egg-shell, crashing blow after blow on its unprotected head, tossing it here and there, and kicking it about like a soccer ball. It was a terrifying dream never to be forgotten. We were thrown about like matches inside the cabin, bruised, crushed and nearly knocked senseless, for it was virtually impossible to stay in a bunk. Like leeches we clung to what few supports could stand the strain. Many of the fixtures had come loose, and were flying about, striking our bodies or shivering against the sides of the vessel. I remember seeing and hearing the negro fiercely pleading to his maker for salvation. For the first time in my life, perhaps, I too prayed feverishly, making promises and begging forgiveness. How the staunch little **Kingfisher** survived that terrific ordeal I cannot imagine. Surely some guardian angel must have seen fit to protect our unworthy souls that direful night.

The crisis passed about midnight and some time later, utterly exhausted, I fell asleep. When I awakened it was morning, and aftr shaking George's shoulder,

(Continued on Page 49)





## THE "BOHEMIAN SCIENTIST"

By EDWARD S. BROTZMAN

Acknowledgment—The skeletal structure of this essay is formed of information extracted from John W. Hammond's "Biography of Charles Proteus Steinmetz."

MAN'S infinite capacity for making life difficult, tempered with a tremendous faculty for getting accustomed to anything, is the disturbing element in this strange nightmare. We cannot rest. When the tide of difficulties which it is our nature to provoke is on the flux we struggle on to higher ground, and at the reflux only trench more deeply in the ashes of our dead desires. And when some re-incarnate Ulysses conjures up renewed visions of that "untravell'd world whose margin fades for ever and for ever as we move," the tide again is on the flux, and we press on. It is to these men that we are indebted for the heritage to which we have succeeded. So inspired the vein of their thought, so exalted the plane of their being that even the idle coinage of their brains is steeped in the stuff of which man's mightiest dreams are made! Such a man was Charles Proteus Steinmetz, the "Bohemian Scientist," who, in the scintillating galaxy of scientific investigators stands out as being of the first magnitude.

It was the first day of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine; and from the

forward deck of a French immigrant liner, threading its way through the maze of traffic in the lower bay, Carl August Rudolph Steinmetz looked on a strange land and wondered. Behind him lay the Old World with all its bitter-sweet of memories,—the little "Carluszek" who, in a squalid apartment on the Tauenzienstrasse, had dreamed of great deeds in strange places,—student revelries with his chums in the beer-gardens of Breslau,—political intrigue with the hot-bloods of socialism,—the hurried flight from Breslau on the very eve of the day of his graduation from the University.

But here was America! Let the dead past bury its dead. Far on the left the low Jersey hills lay, shrouded in a dull purple haze, and far ahead, clearly visible over the gentle waves of the lower bay was the great figure of Liberty,—that massive pile which long after it has crumbled to ruin shall proclaim from the dust, "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"

But what a forlorn creature was this Steinmetz who, after a delay of two days, emerged from the steerage to confront

the immigration authorities at the old Castle Garden. The officials noted his dwarfed and crippled body, his be-draggled clothing, his stumbling English, and finding his purse empty they shook their heads forebodingly. It little availed him now that, as a student at the University of Breslau, he had written a vast treatise "On Involuntary Self-Reciprocal Correspondences in Space which are Defined by a Three-Dimensional Linear System of Surfaces of the Nth Order," for when the immigration authorities asked Steinmetz if he knew the English language he could only reply, "A few". And so the miserable Steinmetz, sick with disappointment and weariness, was relegated to the detention pen. And close within the shadow of his shadow abided the hopes of our profession.

If Steinmetz had been alone that day his dreams of conquests in the Western World would have suffered interment at the side of a thousand other hopes long since abandoned beneath the rafters of the old Castle Garden. But beneath the coldly skeptical mind of the engineer there stirred the spirit of the eternal child who, "though bounded in a nut-shell, can count himself king of infinite space." And there is a divinity that tempers the stark barrenness of life to the dreams of a child as unfailingly as it protects the children of the poor. And in the person of his traveling companion, Oscar Asmussen, who was the happy possessor of both eloquence and a well-filled purse, that agency provided the open sesame which flung wide to Steinmetz the doors of the country of his choice.

At Breslau, Steinmetz had gained no little distinction as a student of the sciences, and when Bismark's persecution of the socialists forced him to quit Prussia he carried with him a letter of introduction to one Rudolf Eickemeyer, who owned an electrical establishment at Yonkers, New

York. Now, at this time Steinmetz's practical knowledge of electrical machinery was very meagre. The sight of a direct-current motor had not yet been vouchsafed him; and although he had once delivered a very able lecture on the design of transformers, yet it had been without the benefit of his ever having seen the device of which he talked so glibly. But Rudolf Eickemeyer was a willing prey to the naive appeal of the pleasant whimsicalities of the irrepressible Steinmetz, who, despite his lack of experience, found himself the proud possessor of a job as a draughtsman at a salary of twelve dollars per week.

Asmussen had also secured work in Yonkers, and at five o'clock each morning the young men would leave their Brooklyn home, ferry to lower Manhattan, rattle with the elevated steam locomotives to the Grand Central Station at 42nd Street, and there entrain for the long journey through fields and pastures to Yonkers. This monotonous journey, day after day, grew so wearisome that they soon rented rooms in Harlem where they began an eccentric, Bohemian mode of living which was the forerunner of that "peculiar sort of masculine housekeeping" which was later to "shock the strict New England proclivities" of the good housewives of Schenectady. Household duties were divided equitably on a strictly scientific basis, and were shirked by both men in an equally systematic manner. The washing of the dishes proved to be the major bone of contention until, with brilliant engineering acumen, they definitely settled the question for all time by instituting the use of paper dishes. It was in this Harlem "flat" that the notorious Steinmetz menagerie had its inception,—albeit a rather humble origin, in the advent of a good-sized tribe of mice which proved to be a necessary, as well as inevitable, adjunct of the type of house-

keeping in which the young men indulged.

Meanwhile, Steinmetz was speedily pursuing his program of orientation. Steadfast in his allegiance to his adopted home and country, he appeared before the local court and filed his first appeal for naturalization. And in due time his fidelity was recognized; for on his return to Yonkers, five years later, he received his second papers which raised him to the status of a fully-naturalized citizen of these United States. In fitting appreciation of the honor thus bestowed upon him, he began to Americanize his name, signing himself "Charles" Steinmetz, instead of using the more cumbersome "Carl August Rudolph" with which his parents had sought to perpetuate the memories of his grandfather and a brace of uncles. Feeling a need for a middle-name, he inserted "Proteus",—his long-cherished badge of membership in the fraternity of youth.

Meanwhile, Steinmetz had progressed in his work. His salary had been increased to eighteen dollars per week. Also he had applied for, and had received, membership in the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. His first appearance before that body was at a meeting in eighteen hundred and ninety, when he challenged Mr. Thurburn Reid's paper on "The Armature Reactions of Alternators" as being incomplete because of lack of consideration the third harmonics. To Mr. Reid's retort that such considerations would make the subject unduly complicated, Steinmetz replied by presenting a complete mathematical analysis of the subject to the Institute when it again convened a few months later. Thus was laid the foundation-stone of his engineering reputation. The time was now ripe for the dramatic laying of the corner-stone of this massive structure by which man was eventually to be raised a wee bit higher in the scale.

It happened on the nineteenth day of

January, eighteen hundred and ninety-two. An august body—the foremost engineers in America—were duly assembled in convention. And suddenly—mirabile visu—an amazing spectacle! There appeared on the platform before them a young man with a strangely mis-shapen body. He was dressed shabbily in old clothing; and the bottoms of his trousers were turned up, as if to prevent their being any further soiled by the terribly muddy pair of overshoes he was wearing. He looked about the stage quickly, apparently feeling a need for a higher platform to compensate, somewhat, for his shrunken stature. Nearby was a huge chair, beautifully upholstered in red velvet. Scattering mud recklessly, he calmly clambered up on the great chair, and from that vantage-point delivered his memorable treatise on "The Law of Hysteresis".

No need to tell an engineer of the significance of that work. And to the layman,—the answer lies in a richer, fuller life for countless millions of men throughout the civilized world. Now, Dr. Steinmetz, too, "belonged to the ages."

No study of the "Bohemian Scientist" would be complete without at least a few obiter dicta on his most amazing trait,—that curious admixture of Bohemianism and the strain of the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem which unendingly coursed his veins. Even as he advanced farther and farther into his beloved realm of inexorable law and inevitable order, he displayed more and more his old yearning for intimate friendships. And any fellow pedlar of dreams who ceased crying his wares long enough to display even a passing interest in the affairs of Steinmetz was likely to find himself rewarded with an offer of unquestioning friendship. And so often as the gift was received, so often did it mellow into that completeness of mutual understanding which transcends all time, all states, and all conditions. As



he grew older, Steinmetz gathered about him a wonderfully happy family group on which, unreasoning, unquestioning and unstinting he lavished the infinite fund of love and affection which unendingly well-ed from the delicately-beautiful nature which abided within his crippled, broken body.

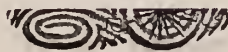
Even the little family which he adopted failed to completely satisfy his strange yearnings, and he gathered about him a wide variety of curious pets. At one time the notorious Steinmetz menagerie included two "jet-black crows," several cranes and owls, an "unusually intelligent monkey" (surname "Jenny"), a brace of young eagles, an heterogeneous assortment of dogs and cats, several squirrels and racoons, a "lusty, three-foot alligator," and the celebrated gila monster which "died because it was too lazy to eat."

That all-pervading tolerance which is bred among the vanguard of the wise is the natural issue of understanding sired by sympathy. It is in no wise comparable to that pseudo-tolerance with which the ignorant cloak indifference or condescension. Those who are truly tolerant recognize in man neither inherent good nor inherent evil; merely a creature of unknowable origin and unknowable end, who is the possessor of tremendous potentialities for unclassifiable deeds, thoughts, or feelings. This, I believe, is the explanation of the surpassing toler-

ance of the "Bohemian Scientist". The scope and diversity of Steinmetz's mental and spiritual interpretations of "being"—life, matter,—were such that the thoughts and feelings engendered as a result thereof, at times seem to confute the very agencies which gave rise to them. But the conflict was merely superficial. It was merely that he recognized no beginning and no end to the truths of the mind and the truths of the spirit which follow from interpretations of "being,"—which interpretations, though possibly correct, can never be complete.

On a firm foundation of humanism, Steinmetz had reared a great fund of knowledge. And the twain had met in a broad band of spiritual development. The balance was by no means perfect. That would have meant the advent of the "super-man". And yet Steinmetz had gone far,—a far cry from our present plane where the dust never settles on the thrice-fought battle-ground of spiritualism, humanism, and science.

And somehow, that beautiful simplicity of soul, that delicate refinement of nature which stares to shame the cachexy of thought and being of lesser men was not unbecoming to this man who strove with gods. As a child he flowered from the seed of the generations; but still bound with inseverable ties in the common kinship of the dust. And with every remove he only dragged a greater length of chain!



## "PLANET X"

By MAURICE B. ROSALSKY

ON January 21, 1930, a planetary object was detected at the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona. This object, which was provisionally named "Planet X," was announced seven weeks later to the startled world as the ninth planet. The Lowell Observatory added that this was not a chance discovery, but was the result of a systematic series of observations, inaugurated by Professor Lowell as the result of his confidence in theoretical considerations which showed the necessity of a Trans-Neptune planet.

If no other scientific discovery is made this year, the fame of 1930 is secure through this discovery. The ancients knew six planets; the seventh, Uranus, was discovered accidentally by Herschel in 1781 while hunting the comparatively lowly comets; the eighth, Neptune, was discovered mathematically by Leverrier in 1846 and first seen by Galle. And now, apparently the ninth planet has been discovered mathematically and observed visually at the Lowell Observatory.

All sorts of names have been proposed for the new planet such as Bacchus, Babe Ruth, Percival, Lowell, Kronos, and Minerva. The goddess of wisdom, at the present, seems to be leading the world poll.

"Planet X" has now been under observation for three months, and the data, which is being collected largely at the Lowell Observatory, is leading inevitably to the conclusion that "Planet X" is far from being an orthodox, well-behaved planet. Although it was found near the place Lowell predicted for it, Lowell astronomers are beginning to doubt that "Planet X" is the honest-to-goodness planet which Lowell predicted. It now

appears that "Planet X" might be a Trans-Neptune asteroid or a comet-like planet. The following data will show why this is the case. The magnitude of the planet is only 15 while Neptune at that distance would be 60 times brighter. This leads to the conclusion that "Planet X" has an insignificant size, perhaps on the order of that of the Earth.

Even more startling are the preliminary orbit computations from the Lowell Observatory. "Planet X" is now just past its nearest approach to the sun, being four billion miles from that body. "Planet X," however, has a tremendous eccentricity, for at its greatest distance it is forty billion miles from the sun. Neptune is never more than three billion miles from the sun, and therefore, those who derive satisfaction from such matters should be happy to learn that our Solar System has been increased, to our knowledge, thousands of times in cubical content by the addition of "Planet X". Besides having such a greatly elongated orbit, of comet-like nature, this orbit is far more inclined to the plane of the Earth's orbit than that of any other planet. "Planet X" will remain in Gemini for a good many years, for its motion is two seconds of arc daily which means that it is traveling at the rate of two miles per second around its huge orbit, thus necessitating at least three hundred years for one revolution.

If one of us weighing 150 pounds were now on "Planet X," he would feel that he weighed 325 pounds because of the increased gravitation, but he would not suffer long from his avoirdupois, for he would die from lack of air, the nitrogen being nicely solidified and the oxygen nearly so. At its farthest distance from

the sun, even the helium on "Planet X," if there is any, would be frozen solid. However, if an observer was adequately protected against such a contingency, he would gaze upon a landscape which even in the direct rays of the sun would seem to be receiving a subdued moonlight. When at its farthest distance from the sun, one could just read a scarce headline by the aid of that body.

At the return of Halley's Comet in 1910, it was found to be three days late. At that time it was a great mystery, but it now seems possible that the attraction of "Planet X" caused the delay.

The discovery of "Planet X" will prob-

ably crush the last hope in the adherents of the Nebulae Hypothesis, for in no way could this hypothesis justify a planetary object so far from the sun. The discovery of "Planet X" will also probably cause a modification in the popular Planetary Hypothesis.

After the discovery of "Planet X," the question at once arose as to the possibility of other Trans-Neptune bodies. There seems to be now little doubt but that "Planet X" is too small to have caused the still unaccountable perturbations in Uranus, and therefore, there is a strong probability of additional Trans-Neptune bodies which the future will discover for us.

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## A CASE HISTORY

**A**LBERT was born in 1909. He was the first child and the oldest of three boys.

Albert's father was an ambitious and self-educated man who had migrated from Italy when he was a boy of little more than fifteen. All alone, he undertook the journey to a land of foreign customs and language entirely on his own resources. As a youth, his entire existence, for it was little more than that, was equally divided between the necessary task of earning his food and lodging, and acquainting himself with the ways and language of America. As he progressed, he entered night school, where he studied until he married. When he was twenty-five, ten years before he married, he set himself up in business, with money he had saved plus what money he could borrow, and he had been engaged in this very same business, although it had expanded and grown fairly prosperous, for the past thirty-five years.

As a personality, Albert's father had made a very decided impression upon the character of his son. His rare pluck and his unquenchable energy, coupled with a desire for learning and culture, are only a few of the characteristics of this great man at which his son had never ceased to marvel. Ever since attaining the age at which a boy formulates ideals and ambitions it had always been his frank and outspoken wish that some day he might even approach the goodness of his father.

By the time Albert's father married he had become thoroughly acquainted with the new country, and for that matter with several others also. He had become a great reader, and to this day Albert firmly believes that his father is one of the most educated (even though he had little formal school education) and one of the most broadened men he has ever met. Albert sees him as a keen student of the world and the people in it as well as a genial, broad, and philosophic gentleman.



Albert clearly remembers the first real impressions of his childhood, and in most of them his father seems to loom as a guide. What clear-cut pictures the old walks and talks with his father have left. Among the dearest memories of his childhood are the nature-study walks, the visits to the zoo and museums, and the ever-present elaborate explanations his father offered. He would read simple tales to his sons of birds, animals, and trees, then take them on long pleasant hikes through the woods, clearly explaining and pointing out things he had read to them about.

Albert's mother is his confidant. She is extremely capable and she would do anything to please her sons or her husband. Her family is devoted to her.

The home environment of Albert has been an ideal one. However, there is a certain softness in all this that made the boy quite unconscious of the responsibilities of being a son: the eldest son of these sacrificing parents and weaker brothers.

Throughout grade-school and the first years of the boy's high-school career his studies were quite easy for him and he was genuinely interested in them. As he progressed his academic interest began to wane. His school work suffered terribly. Suddenly he diagnosed his failings as plain laziness. His decision brought him nowhere because he could not arouse sufficient interest to cast aside his lazy and indifferent attitude. Failure in his studies also brought about a certain amount of inferiority.

About this time, pubescence, the awkwardness of his body and speech, made a deep impression on him. He was extraordinarily tall and rangy for his years, and his skin bore evidence of the stage of development he was passing through. He found it extremely difficult to associate or converse with people of his own age owing to his ungainly size, because he

was usually mistaken for an older youth, and because of a natural seriousness of nature and quietness.

He was lonely; secondly, he was afraid of being scorned or laughed at. To cover these failings he, quite unknowingly, adopted the sophisticated and blasé airs of an older youth. With the aid of this affectation he found encouragement in boys, or young men rather, who were much older than himself. However, these later contacts were only slight, and the friends he made among this group treated him merely with courtesy and a slight condescension. There was little or no intimate contact with either of these two groups. Albert was rather sensitive about his lack of friendship and this period marks the time when his interest (perhaps it was due to his loneliness) turned toward books.

At this time he was about fifteen or sixteen and he was known among the neighbors as "that big quiet boy of Mrs. C——." His mother tried to shame him into mixing with people and in order to please her Albert used to drift off to the movies or on long walks by himself, telling her before he left that he was going to "see some fellows".

He was about half-way through high school by this time and he decided it was useless for him to continue. He explained to his father that he was incapable of completing the course. His father showed no sign of pleasure nor did he show any sign of displeasure. He placed the matter entirely in his son's hands and told him that he must decide for himself.

Albert wasted no time in starting to hunt for a job. After several futile attempts at higher positions than he was qualified for, he, rather tragically, decided that he was meant only for manual labor. He had lost all his confidence in his mental abilities, and the only surety he felt was in his physical strength. His

first job was that of a laborer in a sand-pit. All summer he toiled industriously at a man's job under the broiling sun. He gave vent to a peculiar grudge against the world by savagely working and sweating, stripped to shoes, dungarees, and an athletic shirt. Later he accepted a promotion, that of a fireman on a steam-shovel in the same sand-pit.

That autumn Albert and a youth who had worked in the same pit decided to seek betterment in the West, preferably California. An old car brought them as far west as Iowa where it gasped its last. Money had begun to dwindle and jobs were scarce, so an immediate return home was soon agreed upon. The trip was a leisurely one and a cheap one. It was made with the help of friendly motorists and convenient freight cars. The trip consumed a little more than three months, and Albert remembers it as one of the most delightful and helpful experiences of his whole life.

Upon the home-coming, Albert saw the need of a job with some future, so he left the unskilled ranks and became an apprentice bricklayer. He advanced rapidly at this occupation and became quite skilful. He procured a union card and became a mechanic at the trade with the aid of a friendly superintendent who vouched for his character and ability, and who lied and said he had the required four years' training. He was earning then the regular sixteen-dollar-a-day wage and he travelled with a contracting company which did work in cities throughout the east.

The monotony of this labor finally began to annoy the youth, but he dared not seek any other job because of his old shyness, his ever-present fear that he was mentally inferior, and because he felt that he was earning twice or perhaps three times as much where he was than he might at a new job. He felt

that he lacked the social adaptability others possessed. His only companions were young men much older than himself who were not in the least inferior to other people, but who were more serious and less liable to laugh at one. However, he felt competent among these men and was treated as an equal.

Still, he felt too young to waste himself where he was and he knew his father was nearly heartbroken for having refused the opportunities he had before him. From the time he left school his father never once mentioned the boy's foolishness nor did he ever criticize anything he did. However, he was always eager to advise or to help him in any way. He did, also, admire the boy for becoming independent and for maintaining himself in comfortable circumstances for nearly two years while he was away from home.

He knew that he must engage himself in some more secure and suitable occupation. He felt keenly his lack of education. He devoured books and literature of all sorts, but still not definitely studying or reading books for material advancement. His reading was purely of an entertaining or cultural nature.

One day he hastily packed his belongings and returned home, leaving the bricklaying trade behind. He did not know definitely what he would do, but he would look for something better. He would find something at which he would try, at least, to use his brains and quit that monotonous drudgery.

At the home-coming Albert's father again displayed neither pleasure nor displeasure. He was sympathetic and kind.

Then came months of constant seeking. He was too young or he had not the required education or training.

One day the father calmly asked him if he would like to return to school. Albert considered his right to accept so

generous an offer; he considered the two years' work remaining to be completed in high school before he could enter college. Also he considered the fact that he didn't actually know, for all of his ambition, what he wanted to study. His father declared that he had time to consider before he entered college.

Albert accepted the generous offer and decided, after completing his high school in much less than the normal time, to major in journalism and English literature.

Perhaps I have done Albert more than justice in portraying him in this manner.

Albert was no more than just large for his age. His mental ability was neither more nor less than normal. He might perhaps be classified as unsocial or a social misfit, but it is secretly a great misfortune to him that he lacks the ability to make friends. However, he has found

quite a few friendships of a lasting nature, but these have taken years to accumulate. He is a great lover of people, and he takes great joy in reading of and studying characters.

In his later years a greater confidence with girls and women has made for him more friends in this group more easily and more quickly than among men of his own age.

At college he is genuinely interested in his studies. However, there still is that inability to form friendships rapidly, and his greatest blow in college, though it can hardly be called a great misfortune, was his failure to be pledged to a fraternity to which he had been invited. He had a genuine desire to cultivate the friendship of those men. However, his inability lies in the fact, as one sympathetic member of the fraternity put it, that he is not yet "fraternity material".

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## CYRANO—THE MAGNIFICENT LIAR

By NACHMAN DAVIDSON

TRUTH is rare and precious; therefore it should not be bandied about carelessly. When circumstances justify one in telling it, nothing else will serve; but not all circumstances justify it, by any means. This confession may evince complete disintegration of the moral fiber, but in my mind the conviction is increasing that truth for its own sake is vastly overvalued in the world.

No liar, say the moralists, shall enter Heaven. But they do not believe it. Imagine, if you can—the sort of mind that would condemn Desdemona, who died swearing to a lie with her last breath—swearing that it was not Othello who had murdered her; or Cyrano de Bergerac, lying fantastically, if you like, but none the less magnificently for the sake of

sparing the woman he loved. Cyrano did not lie in order to save Roxane's life. There was no fearful crime for which she would have had to pay the penalty of the perpetrator. A woman's peace of mind was the thing he bought with his gorgeous lies.

There is a lift in the spirit of this liar, a quickening of all fine impulses, an inspiration of nobility not to be found in most sermons. We do more than love him, we reverence him, we stand uncovered before him and feel ourselves unworthy. His acts were acts of sheer greatness. We know, you and I, that we are incapable of such greatness; we could not have risen to falsehood on such occasion, but should probably have told vile truth and received the merits



of the miserably wretched instead.

With all of his faults, I believe Hercule-Savinien de Cyrano de Bergerac to be the noblest hero in romantic drama, or in fact—in all drama. In spite of his name and in spite of his nose he is as true a hero as any character could be.

In Act II at the end of Scene 6 of the play Cyrano meets the first great disappointment in his ill-favored love for Roxane. They are alone in the pastry shop. He has sent the idealistic Ragueneau, the pastry cook, and his hungry poets packing. The duenna is also disposed of with bags of sweets. He can hardly control his seething emotions. At first his beautiful cousin adds fuel to the flames that are consuming him, raises his air castles to dizzy heights with a few simple words, which ironically enough, are not meant for him. She tells him that she loves the handsome Christian de Neuville, who has just joined his very own company of the Cadets of Gascoyne and for whom she implores Cyrano's protection, as the cadets are inclined to make sport of him.

Then the same Cyrano de Bergerac who has strewn the Porte de Nesle with the carcasses of a hundred ruffians, who has held a fair-sized mob at bay with his deadly rapier and sword-like wit, this same Cyrano fights a greater battle. A gigantic struggle in a pastry shop. It is brief and characteristic of the masterful nature of the courageous individual. On hearing the avowal of her love for another and the accompanying entreaty which wound him cruelly, he merely murmurs to the unsuspecting *précieuse* that since his encounter with "the hundred," he has "done better."

Would you or I have had the courage? Could we have stilled an anxious, perhaps even just tongue? I, for one, could not. The weak and naked truth would, of its own spontaneity have brought about disaster. It should be recalled at

this point that Cyrano was not fully aware of the inabilities of the Baron Christian de Neuville. The first intimation of his great shortcomings are found in Scene 9 of the same Act. Had the poet-swordsman been acquainted with the dull-witted Christian he might indeed have disillusioned Roxane then and there. Later when he does discover the truth about his rival, Cyrano is thoroughly convinced that she cannot love him (Cyrano) and only then does he consent to the novel and dangerous arrangement of acting as prompter in the love scenes.

This sublime self-sacrifice and extreme in selflessness in love is unparalleled in literature. We are but mortal men; Cyrano is a hero, and a hero of the romantic drama at that. It would hardly be fair then to place ourselves in his position—although this process is often natural and easy.

The drawing of contrasts between such widely divergent types of literature as—let us say—the writings of Ring Lardner and for instance the work of the biographer, Emil Ludwig, would be too far-fetched and ludicrous. But weighing side by side in the balance of comparison, the biographies of Andre Maurois and those of Ludwig has much more of relevancy and reasonableness. Therefore, rather than utilize so unbalanced a team as the reader and Cyrano for purposes of comparison, let us take a more suitable character. But there is none; Romeo, called one of the greatest of lovers, would have run off to enlist the aid of the well-meaning monk-Friar Lawrence; or in many a "windy" conference with his friends would have dallied and delayed until the responsibility for the action would have been taken out of his hands by an inexorable forward-moving destiny.

That this type of activity or rather inactivity might have been in the ultimate,

more productive of happiness for all those concerned, I do not doubt. But could Romeo muster the decisive strength, the masterful courage of the incomparable Cyrano. I think not! In the same situation he would probably call himself a star-crossed lover and make a successful attempt to fall on his sword. To give himself up wholly with uncompromising honesty to his ideal and to his own convictions, in any way like the action of Cyrano, is hardly to be expected of Romeo. He lacks the power to act in a manner so full of deliberation and unselfishness.

The noble Roderick of Corneille's, the Cid, is another great hero of the romantic drama. But steeped in the conventions and precepts of his age he would find it impossible to equal the prevarications of Cyrano. He lacks the freedom of his own thoughts and perhaps a finer sort of courage than that which made him decide to avenge the insult of his father at the hands of the count, the father of his sweetheart. He could not

have forced himself to voice the deadly lie. In his own dilemma the first thought which entered his troubled brain was that of suicide. Then the pride which he could not submerge forces him to say:

\*"What, die without redress?

Seek death—so fatal to my future fame?"

No, he couldn't lie! The direct and simple bluntness of this soldier hero would make him as honest as the proverbial Chinese. He was a soldier and a lover. Cyrano was a poet as well—a soldier with a soul.

Edmond Rostand, the author of the play in his dedication, says—"It was to the soul of Cyrano that I wished to dedicate this poem". . . . . What higher tribute could be paid any man than to be accorded a soul!—a soul such as Rostand painted; a soul which could suffer that exquisite torture and supreme, subtle irony of winning his beloved for another. He had a soul—this magnificent liar.

\*End of Act I—The Cid—Pierre Corneille.





## A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY

**A Month in the Country**, one of the few dramatic works of the great Russian novelist, Turginev, is the present play at the Guild Theatre. The production of this play, in many ways, is notable. For the first time, Alla Nazimova, beyond doubt one of the greatest actresses of our time, appears with the Theatre Guild; and her performance as Madame Natalia Petrovna Tslaev is perhaps the finest and most refined example of real acting that may be seen in New York this season. Most of the other actors are extremely competent—Dudley Digges and Elliot Cabet deserve a ranking close to Nazimova—but, in contrast to the usual good brand of standardized acting, of which the Theatre Guild has often had its share, the acting of Nazimova is of an entirely different variety. In another respect—the settings—the play is exceptional, for the original designs of Dobuzinsky have been reproduced by Raymond Sovey. The interiors combine a skilful blend of color and a simplicity of angular design, which does not violate at all the sense of realism in the play, but instead gives a background beautiful and sympathetic to the action.

The play, written some eighty years ago, clearly foreshadows in setting, psychological substance, and dramatic technique the kind of play that Chekhov la-

ter wrote in **The Cherry Orchard** and **The Seagull**. At the outset we see the wife of a presumably wealthy Russian landholder well on her way in love with the young tutor of her son, so that by the second act she is well affixed to her passion. So well in fact that she confides in a devoted comrade, whom she loves, but not with the same fervour that she loves the tutor. This news is quite hard for him to bear; but not quite so hard as it is for Madame Tslaev's young ward, a violent victim of the suavely innocent charms of the young tutor. However, Rakitin sets the example by going away; he is followed not only by the tutor, but by the ward who resigns herself to marrying a docile old half-wit who obviously knows very little of anything—let alone women—that there is no doubt in our minds about the intentions of the febrile young woman. But Madame Tslaev does not commit suicide. Luckily she thinks she suffers much more than she does; besides, it is only a matter of time until Rakitan will return.

Turginev is a novelist, not a dramatist, yet, in spite of the fact that his management of scene and development of plot show an unartful and rather imperfect naturalism, his dialogue is sensitive, revealing of character, and full of the most pleasant and natural sort of comedy.

Madame Tslaev is an especially inter-



esting study. Here an illuminating individual analysis is well wrought for the stage: there is more than a shade of incongruity between what Madame Tslaev understands of herself, what she advises for other people, especially her ward, and the way in which she reacts herself under the pressure of her emotions. Her longing for love is only subdued by her lack of courage to enjoy it in the face of the obstacles; consequently, she always finds it necessary to fall back on her position as a great lady who would be offended if her love were not accepted and yet is powerless to make her lover happy. A distressing situation for Madame Tslaev; there is a hint of real tragedy in her love for the tutor, a love plainly the result of a youthful stifling of affection and an opportune marriage. But the comedy of the situation lies in the fact that Madame Tslaev's reachings for happiness are few, and that during them she is subject to a feminine quixoticness which is not entirely her reaction to boredom, but instead indicates an instability of temper. This last trait almost assures one that the wound left by the corroding of her passions will not be too severe, and that perhaps the feeling itself is not so profound. What Turginev was attempting, I think, was the dramatic study of this state of mind—where the idea of the need for love is a result of reflexion and personal decision, and is not so real as the person believes it to be. Nazimova brings an acuteness of meaning and an individual significance into the rôle which reveals a true understanding of the woman Turginev was writing about.

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### HOTEL UNIVERSE

In his latest play, **Hotel Universe**, Philip Barry, in attempting to give in one play a larger measure of human significance, has deserted rather curiously the clarity

of style, the simplicity of stage technique, and the general straightforwardness of his earlier plays. His characters are engulfed in particularly complicated problems, and he also introduces a seer-like old madman from whose lips issue the most confusing of Barry's dubious occult philosophizing. This old man of superintelligence also helps to relieve several of the characters of their current neuroses.

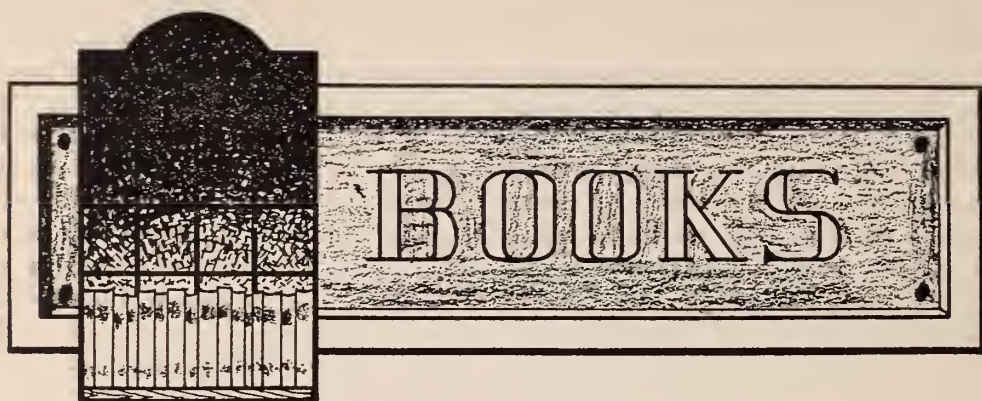
To heighten his effects and to lift the characters out of their ordinary selves, Barry stretches the confines of his play from the immediately-possible to the likely-improbable. Fundamentally his writing is similar to that which made **Paris Bound** and **Holiday** likeable and unusual: a coating of clever, urbane, and idiomatically modern comedy as a veneer for the suggestions of seriousness. However, in **Hotel Universe** the comedy has a dry, mirthless quality about it; it hints that the people's hearts aren't in it, but they are carrying it on to prevent anything worse from coming to the surface. They insult each other with deadly disregard, although most of them are itching to talk about themselves or to be talked about. Then the limits of the play expand; under the influence of the magic terrace (as is explained several times) in which the characters are draped, various phases of their lives are revealed; especially noticeable is the terrace's ability to make people return to earlier periods of their lives, times in which the characters believed themselves more happy. Sources of present unhappiness are thus shown. One has a mother fixation; another seems to be suffering from a loss of faith in the Catholic Church which dominated his youth; and still another has achieved a superior manner of life at the expense of his youthful exuberance. The case of the most prominent male in the cast is hopelessly befuddled. He is an absurdly sentimental victim of a youthful love affair;

in brief, he is all ready to commit suicide gloriously rather than live without his Mary. The character so mysteriously hinted at throughout the play turns out to be the most amazing "flop" of Barry. If there was any conviction in his story, any evidence of anything except a fairly intelligent young man making a melodramatic ass of himself, we could accept and believe in his unhappiness.

In the latter part of the play there is a maddening effusion of dialogue about the meaning of life, the adventures of the soul, and the life hereafter. It is trite, unfruitful of idea, and decidedly unorigi-

nal; altogether there is a most monotonous amount of gibberish in the play. There is no unity in the characters and the direction of the play; it is not cohesive. Any direction the play might have had is swallowed up in a tide of mystical irrelevancies and speculations. The most serious fault of the play to me is that it fails to be interesting, in spite of thorough, even-spirited acting, especially by Katherine Alexander, Ruth Gordon, and Fravehot Tone. This is a serious difficulty when you consider that the meaning of the play is not entirely removed by its "revolutionary technique."—G. A. Finch.





## HENRY MEMORIAL REWARD

Prize Stories of 1929

This collection of the best American short stories of the past year is of a surprisingly feminine character. More than half the stories have been written by women, and the remainder, though masculine in authorship, are practically all concerned with the weaker sex. The exact reason for this peculiar state of affairs is rather hard to determine. Women's natural wordiness, it seems reasonable to believe, should lend especial aptitude to the more extended types of fiction. Perhaps the old hardy American spirit has been emasculated, and this collection merely mirrors the true state of present-day affairs. Perhaps Blanche Colton Williams, the editress, was unconsciously prejudiced in her selections.

With that half-hearted quibbling over with, let us consider the stories themselves — and they are well worth considering. The winner of the first prize for her story "Big Blonde" is, surprisingly enough, our old acquaintance, Dorothy Parker, whose verses with dynamite in the last line were delighting readers long before the advent of the current Mr. Hoffenstein. "Big Blonde" is the tragic story of a woman who was doomed to be always gay but never happy.

The second prize goes to Sidney Howard's "The Homesick Ladies," a charming story told in a style slightly tinged with Henry James. Mr. Howard uses his theatrical experience (winner of the 1925 Pulitzer Play Prize with "They Knew What They Wanted") to especially good advantage in the spare, well-trimmed dialogue.

Readers of "College Humor" will be pleased to find Katharine Brush signally honored by the inclusion of both "Speak-easy" and "Him and Her". These are written in her now well-known manner and contain the usual amount of superfluous description of clothes. Neither reaches the high standard set by the famous "Night Club".

Although it is not one of the prize-winners, "The King of the Cats" by Stephen Vincent Benét is about the most delightful of the stories included. It is a bubbly fantasy that somehow or other Mr. Benét makes you believe, and in no way resembles his 1928 best-seller, "John Brown's Body."

The rest of the collection maintains an exceptionally high standard. Sherwood Anderson, Louis Bromfield, and Wilbur Daniel Steele are the best known of the other contributors.



## MAMMOTH MYSTERY BOOK

EDGAR WALLACE

The most avid detective-novel addict could not fail to be pleased by this book. It contains three Scotland Yard stories written in the grand Wallace manner, which is a very good manner indeed. Each proceeds in a rapid-fire tempo that admits no slackening of interest. Master criminals pit their intelligence against super-detectives. Subtle Oriental poisons that kill without a trace flow like water through every page. All the old satisfying cliché's, but put together as only Edgar Wallace knows how.

Story number one, "The Gaol Breaker," serves as a savory hors d'oeuvre. It is the tale of a revengeful, resourceful criminal and a detective who knew how to beat the law. An ingenious plot, but, as only one murder is committed, not quite in the big-time class.

Next, however, is "The Just Men of Cordova" which tells of four men who dealt out their own justice when the law had failed. Their interest is attracted by financier Colonel Black whose opponents die of heart-failure at most opportune moments, and who possess a little green bottle with a curiously-colored feather attached. Needless to say, the colonel gets his—and plenty. Four murders and a hanging in this one.

"A King by Night" is the last of the three stories, and the best. A huge brute-man directed by a malignant criminal terrorizes London with his paralyzing attacks. Secret-service agent, Selby Lowe, stakes his all to catch this terror and mastermind. He finally succeeds of course, but not in time to prevent four murders, two kidnappings, a suicide, and a lot of other incidental, though highly-entertaining, nastiness.

## THE IRON MAN AND THE TIN WOMAN

STEPHEN LEACOCK

This genial Canadian professor has a unique talent for writing essays that are humorous without being unkind, amusing without being foolish. His talent has never shown to better effect than in this group of gently satirical sketches of To-day and To-morrow. He considers modern life and burlesques it for you in a manner that is sure to make you laugh. Among other things, there is a section devoted to "College Now and College Then" which exaggerates college life only slightly but in right royal fashion. Best of all, however, is "Correspondence Manual Number One" giving the young student a lesson in "How To Pound Sand"; a masterpiece of clowning that reaches a new high-water mark in hilarity.

In an opening biography the author dispels the impression that he takes to writing humorous nothings as a rest for the brain-fag induced by serious work in economics. Nothing of the kind, says he. Writing solid, instructive stuff is easy enough, writing humor, much harder. We agree with Mr. Leacock but must say, on the other hand, that reading it is so—and pleasantly so—much more easy.

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## WINDFALL'S EVE

E. V. LUCAS

E. V. Lucas's penchant for essay writing is plainly visible even when he takes to writing novels. His plots are slight and ephemereal, serving merely as a string to hold several pearls of familiar essays together. The resulting novel is not nearly so dull as one might expect. Characters move about easily and uneventfully; pleasant, urbane, English characters who are well worth knowing. When it comes to painting modern Britons, Lucas has but one superior, the more robust Priestley.

Robert is a middle-aged museum official who takes a flutter in that great English gamble, "The Calcutta Sweepstakes". He is on a P. & O. Liner when his ticket is drawn for the favorite, and when he arrives in London, still uninformed, he is the winner of the fabulous first prize. At a loss what to do, he goes down to a little village in Surrey to visit his worldly, temporarily husband-less, friend, Jenny. The remainder of the novel is taken up with a number of surprising events in the little town with Robert as the *déus ex machina*. The ending is pleasantly amusing and gently satirical.

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(Continued from Page 20)

was clever at that sort of thing, and was welcome at any gathering of young people. He held up his hand. The laughter stopped abruptly. Frank moved over nearer to the door so as not to miss any of the remarks which he was certain would send the hearers into stitches. Then too, he would be closer to Patsy.

Mr. Donham drew himself up with assumed dignity. He looked for all the world like Borah about to sway the Senate. "Mr. and Mrs. John W. Donham," he began with a feigned clearing of his throat, "wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Patsy, to Mr. Edward Hobart of Wickford, Rhode Island.



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(Continued from Page 14)

duce the same state in his readers, chiefly, as he has said, by the use of symbols and beautiful language.

Not enough justice has been done to Mr. Yeats's ability as a critic. He writes magnificent prose, though even his prose work smacks of an almost poetic form. He is, above all, a thoughtful man who has directed his thoughts into many channels not hitherto sufficiently explored. He writes of his muse in "*Per Amica Silentia Lunae*".

"We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry. Unlike the rhetoricians, who get a confident voice from remembering the crowd they have won or may win, we sing amid our uncertainty; and, smitten even in the presence of the most high beauty by the knowledge of our solitude, our rhythm shudders."

In these essays Yeats comes as close to expressing a conscious philosophy as he ever does. The philosophy gleaned from the poems and the drama is one of form more than content; his purpose is to let visions of high things come to the reader by virtue of the form with which the writing is invested. His philosophy is symbolism; he says that for every man there "is some one scene, some one adventure, some one picture, that is the image of his secret life . . . . and this one image, if he would lead his soul, disentangled from unmeaning circumstance and the ebb and flow of the world, into that far household, where the undying gods await all whose souls have become simple as flame, whose bodies have become quiet as an agate lamp." He places the imagination above the intellect in his philosophy.

And it is here that we find the essential contribution of Mr. Yeats to literature. He has rebelled against the over-emphasis upon intellect at the expense of the im-



aginative, sensitive, emotional beauty that it is possible for a poet to create; and he has shown us that this beauty exists in its most exquisite form only in the imagination of the poet. Art is to him a serious affair, and its function is imaginative creation, rather than a stenographic record of life or coldly intellectual criticism.

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(Continued from Page 24)

ly be credited to Clarke. The cages, despite the hoax, were never strengthened.

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(Continued from Page 29)

I ventured up on deck. The mast and all of the sailing paraphernalia had been carried away, leaving merely a derelict, a ghost of a beautiful sloop. Hollow-eyed, bed-raggl'd, sore, and wretched, but thankful, oh so thankful, George and I knelt on the wet planks to praise God.

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